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ALONG
MEDITERRANEAN
SHORES

BY FRANCES WILLARD

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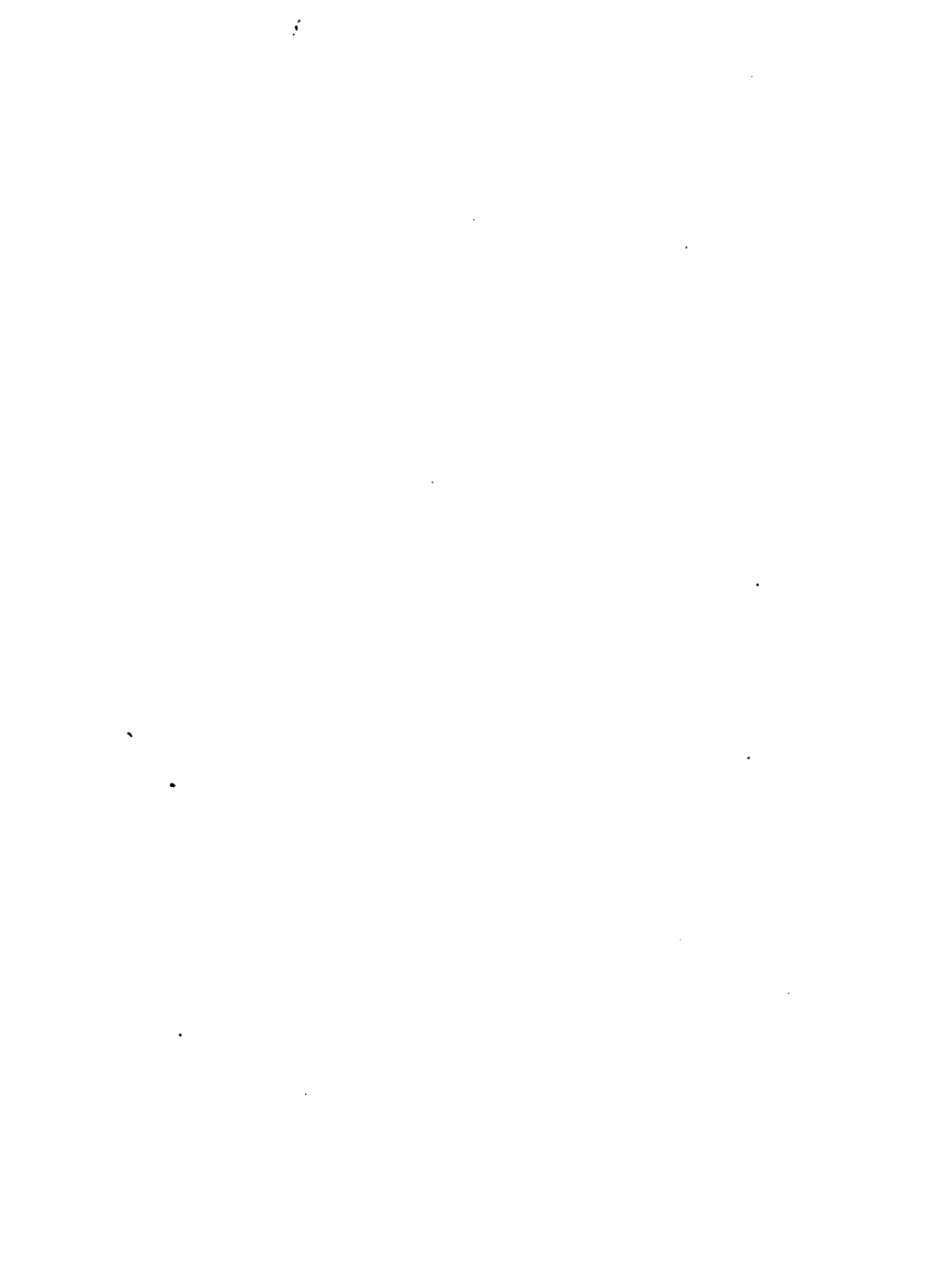
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MINARET WITH MUEZZINS, CAIRO

ALONG MEDITERRANEAN SHORES

BY
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CHICAGO



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1914

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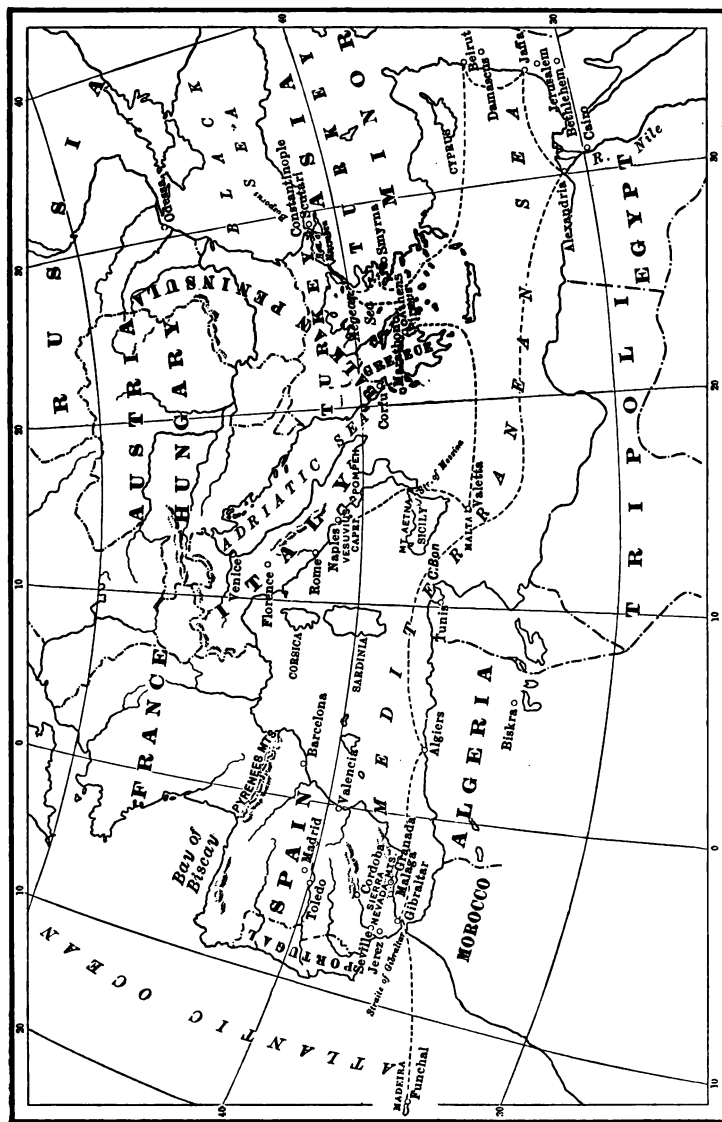
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ALONG MEDITERRANEAN SHORES
Showing the traveler's route

ALONG MEDITERRANEAN SHORES

OUT ON THE ATLANTIC

How would you like to go on a pilgrimage with me? In old times pilgrims toiled over thousands of weary miles on foot and suffered many perils on land or sea in their long journey to the Holy Land; but you and I need only to board a luxurious ocean steamer. Our pilgrimage will be to the Holy Land too, and on the way we shall see many other strange and interesting countries, for I wish to take you with me on a trip lasting many weeks, along the warm shores of that greatest of inland seas, the Mediterranean.

There we shall see many lands famous in the history of the world. Over the blue Mediterranean the Phœnicians, the earliest sailors and traders we know about, rowed their small boats. Along its shores coasted the Greek triremes, with their three banks of oars and their one large sail, on their peaceful journeys to their colonies in Italy or Sicily. On its surface floated the war galleys of the proud Romans, bearing the soldiers who were to meet and subdue all the nations around its shores. Later the cruel Turks crossed it, fighting to set the crescent of Mohammed above the cross of Christ. Rich Venetian and Genoese galleons followed, carrying the precious spices and silks of the East

from the shores of Asia to European cities. And to-day the ships of every nation ride at anchor in its many ports, men-o'-war from Japan and Russia side by side with ocean greyhounds from New York or Calcutta and huge freighters from South America or China.

We shall enter the Mediterranean by its one gateway, the strait of Gibraltar, a piece of water about eight miles wide at its narrowest point, between Spain and Africa. The ancient Greeks and Romans supposed that beyond this strait lay a boundless ocean stretching out to the end of the world. No one ever went out of sight of land once he passed outside, unless he was driven out to sea by a storm, in which case he never returned to tell the story. Yet those hardy seafarers, the Phœnicians, ventured to sail their boats all around the Spanish peninsula and across to England to get the highly prized tin from mines in Cornwall; and it was they who planted the first colonies on the north coasts of Africa and in southern Spain. Their home was the extreme eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, the coast we now know as Syria. Their daring trips served as examples to the other dwellers around the inland sea.

The Greeks, whose history and language are the most ancient of any European people of to-day, were great sailors and came to know their own part of the sea so well that they no longer skirted the coasts to reach their allied cities in Italy and Asia Minor, but even sailed bravely out of sight of land for hours at a time. Perhaps you do not think that would take much courage, but ask any sailor how far he would be willing to go without a compass in his boat,

and he will probably tell you that he cannot imagine anyone so reckless as to go out of sight of land under such circumstances. The ancients had no compass, and must steer by sun and stars, so that in cloudy weather they had no idea where they were going unless they could see land.

It was fortunate that the ancient peoples who made so much of the history and literature and art of the world lived on the coasts of a sea like the Mediterranean. Very early in history the Greeks had founded prosperous cities on all the islands between the mainland of Greece and their Asiatic cities. Then they planted colonies in Italy and Sicily, and as early as six hundred years before Christ, had sent a colony to southern France, where they founded the great modern city of Marseilles. Communication between the mother country and her colonies was kept up constantly. The great commerce, which thus sprang up, before many centuries included all the shores of the Mediterranean and had a great civilizing influence on the dwellers along its coasts. The sea was the great highway of trade between the countries lying around it, and the civilization of these countries rapidly outstripped that of the inland districts.

If one wishes to study the ancient history of the world, he must travel along Mediterranean shores. We are expecting therefore to see the homes of two great nations of ancient times, Egypt and Greece, and we shall want to learn all we can about them as we travel, whether it is from books, from our companions, or from the inhabitants themselves.

We are to be away for three or four months, and you

must pack your trunk very carefully, for we shall find many different kinds of climate. You will need clothes to wear on the north Atlantic when the thermometer stands below freezing, and the wind howls through the ship's rigging at forty miles an hour; and clothes to wear up the Nile in Egypt, where 100° in the shade is not uncommon in March. Our ship is to leave New York early in February, for since we are to go to warm countries we naturally prefer to go in the cold weather and escape some of the severities of our northern winter.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

We are to sail at nine o'clock in the morning, when the tide runs out in the Hudson river. It is a cold, rainy day, with a cutting east wind, and we shiver through all our wraps. But never mind! New York storms will soon be forgotten, we say, and we go to our staterooms with cheerful faces, knowing that we shall shortly sail away from this drenching rain.

Soon we hear the rattling of the capstan, and know that the sailors are dragging in the anchor chains and starting. By the time we get out on deck, we are already past the great statue of Liberty which stands on Bedloe's Island at the entrance of the harbor. New York City is fading out of sight behind us, though the great towers and cables of Brooklyn Bridge are still plainly seen. We pass sev-



AN OCEAN GREYHOUND

eral small islands with government buildings on them, and finally a fort on Staten Island; and now the shore becomes a mere line on our left, and we are taking our last look at our dear home land.

The day is dark and cold, but we are enjoying the novelty of everything and are trying to wait cheerfully for the warm weather which the Gulf Stream will bring us in a day or two.

And now let us go over this ship together, and get some idea of its size and arrangement. Great ocean-going vessels, like the one we are on, are sometimes called, very appropriately, ocean greyhounds. That is because they are built especially for speed, and are expected to carry very little cargo. They are slim, too, and have long graceful lines, just as the greyhound has. A vessel built on such a model cuts through the water very easily, propelled by

several immense steam engines which turn the great screws under the water at the stern. The size of the screws, or propellers as they may also be called, is ridiculously small in proportion to the great bulk of the vessel they must move; but they are equal to their task and push us along through the water at the rate of several hundred miles a day. Some steamers make the direct trip across the Atlantic from New York to the nearest European point, the west coast of Ireland, in four or five days. But our way is toward the southern part of Europe, and we have nearly three thousand miles to travel before we reach our first landing place, Funchal, in the Madeira Islands.

Inside, the ship is really an immense hotel, with hundreds of guests and nearly as many servants, sailors, and stewards, to take care of them. There are elevators between the different decks, telephones in the staterooms, a swimming pool, and all the conveniences we might expect to find in a well managed New York hotel.

We are not apt to think of an ocean steamer as being like a tall building; but it really has six floors — decks we must call them while we are on shipboard. Away down under the water line is the hold. Passengers are not usually expected to go down there, but trunks and the cargo, when there is one, are stowed down there. It is of course perfectly dark in the hold, but electric lights are everywhere, even here.

Above the hold is a deck which is sometimes above water level, and sometimes below when it is rough weather or the ship is very heavily laden. On this deck, which is

called the main deck, the steerage passengers and the crew have their quarters, and here are the kitchens and the laundry.

The third floor is another deck, where staterooms for the first-class passengers are located, and above that is still another deck, called the saloon deck, where there are more staterooms and the great dining rooms, parlors, and offices. Still higher are two more decks, the promenade deck, where the long rows of steamer chairs are all out, and, topmost of all, the hurricane deck, where the officers of the vessel keep their lookout.

The staterooms, or cabins, are the tiniest and most compact little rooms you can possibly imagine. When we first see the narrow little bunks we are expected to sleep in, one of the party tells the old joke about the man who said his bedroom was so small that he had to go out in the hall to turn over. However, when bedtime comes, the sea air has made us so sleepy that we do not take time even to turn over before we drop off to sleep.

By the next morning we are several hundred miles at sea, and the wind is howling around the corners of our ship as if it wished to get in, while the floor behaves as if it were trying to climb up and hit the ceiling. We are starting in for what the sailors would call "a spell of weather," but it is not rough enough yet to make it very uncomfortable, except that staying outdoors is rather cold. We sit out in our steamer chairs for an hour after luncheon, so wrapped up that we cannot get up until the deck steward, who tucked us in, comes and digs us out again. When a passenger is wrapped up in three heavy rugs, with a



STEAMING PEACEFULLY THROUGH BLUE WATER

woolen cap pulled down over his eyes and perhaps an extra hood huddled over his head, he looks just like the contents of fifty other steamer chairs; and as the weight of the rugs is too great even to wiggle under, we all lie motionless, like a collection of mummies.

By the fourth day out from New York we are steaming peacefully through the bluest water imaginable, in warm sunshine. The weather is almost like summer on the south side of the vessel. All the seasick passengers have recovered, and the promenade deck no longer looks like a hos-

pital corridor. We are crossing the Gulf Stream, the officers tell us, and we are sure of mild weather from now on.

What a fine thing for Europe this Gulf Stream is — this current of warm water from the equatorial seas which flows around our own American Gulf of Mexico and then travels across the broad Atlantic and washes the western coast of Europe. It is hard to realize how immense that great current is and how distinct it is from the rest of the ocean until one is actually on its bosom. It is like a great river of dark blue water, flowing through the green waters of the Atlantic. The river is eighty miles wide at that part of its course where we are crossing it, but it gradually widens, and mingles with the colder waters of the north Atlantic. The Gulf Stream itself is cooled greatly, too, by the icebergs from Greenland which float southward until they encounter its warm waters and are melted. We shall not see them, for we are already farther south than they can ever float. But if we were taking the usual route across the Atlantic, our captain would have a close lookout kept every moment for fear our vessel might suddenly run into one. Many a brave ship has gone down in the blue waves of the Gulf Stream, crushed to pieces by those gleaming mountains of ice. A good captain nowadays usually knows when he is approaching one by the sudden fall of the thermometer, even if he is in a dense fog. Fogs are especially common on the Gulf Stream where the cold winds from the north meet the warmer air hanging over the Stream, and the moisture held in the warm air is condensed into fog.

The Gulf Stream is probably one of the influences which make the northwestern part of Europe so much warmer than parts of America in the same latitude. Its waters are mingled with the waters of the Atlantic long before they reach European shores; but they make the ocean perceptibly warmer, and so influence the climate of the countries the ocean washes. The warmer ocean and the warm winds from the African deserts together make the climate of Europe so much warmer than that of our northern states, that it is hard to realize that almost all of Europe lies north of New York and Chicago: a line drawn straight east from Chicago would pass through the city of Rome, in Italy. England lies opposite the bleak and icebound shores of Labrador.

Until the fifth day out from New York the only sign of life outside our own ship has been the fleeting view of two steamers, one far to the south and the other only a couple of miles to the north of us. Our vessel communicated with one of them by wireless telegraphy, and we thus learned her name and her destination, and were able to give her the latest news from New York. All ocean liners nowadays carry wireless telegraph outfits, and can in this way communicate with other vessels or with land. "Wireless" is a form of signalling by means of waves of air caused by an electric spark. These waves travel equally in all directions, and are heard at distant stations in small telephone receivers by means of a special apparatus. A code of dots and dashes, much like the ordinary telegraphic code, is used.

Wireless telegraphy has proved of immense service in

saving lives in cases of shipwreck. Some years ago, when a steamer named the *Republic* was sinking, its brave wireless operator stuck to his post, calling for help from neighboring vessels and telling them where the *Republic* was situated, until the *Florida* finally found the ship and rescued the passengers and crew. All of them would have perished but for the wireless messages which attracted the attention of other vessels, too far away to be seen.

Day follows day, all warm, windy, and bright, thanks to that good Gulf Stream, which acts as a kind of barrier to keep the storms and cold winds of the north Atlantic from getting at us. We are outdoors all the time, sitting in the sunshine, wrapped up from the wind; for the ship's motion alone creates a stiff breeze. But the thermometer registers 65°, and the breeze is summer-like. We have packed away winter furs and heavy wraps, and hope not to need them again until we cross the Gulf Stream on our way back, three or four months hence.



MADEIRA, THE FAIRY ISLAND

ON the eighth evening out from New York one of our party comes down to the cabin in great excitement to tell us that land has been sighted. It does not take us long to get up on deck, where we are much disappointed because it has suddenly grown so dark that the thin line of cloud ahead which the officers have pronounced to be the island of Madeira has sunk out of sight in the twilight. But dinner has no attractions for us this evening, now that we know the city of Funchal must be near at hand. Gradually, though it is dark, we can distinguish great black heights on our left, not a mile away, with a lighthouse here and there; and before long a blur of light ahead separates into rows of electric lights which look almost as if they ran straight up into the air, the hillside is so steep. We begin to pass other vessels, and soon drop anchor in the open bay opposite the town.

It is too late to go on land to-night, so we walk the deck, looking down sometimes at the host of little boats clustering around the steamer, the oarsmen calling up to us in Portuguese, the language of the island. Some of the young men on board are already climbing down the long gangway hanging to the side of the vessel, to take boats for the shore; and the competition among the boatmen for

the privilege of carrying them is so great that our sailors have to interfere to prevent actual fighting.

Morning reveals a beautiful scene to our impatient eyes. The island is a very high range of hills or even mountains, which rise abruptly from the water's edge, the highest point being over six thousand feet above sea level. Madeira is the largest of the several rocky and mountainous islands which form the group called the Madeira Islands on our maps, yet it is only about thirty miles from east to west and thirteen miles across. The temperature is so uniformly mild that all kinds of tropical plants flourish the year round, covering the rocky slopes and abrupt precipices of the mountain sides with a beautiful soft green mantle in every season. In fact, Madeira can hardly be said to have seasons at all, for the temperature does not go below 63° nor above 75° the whole year through.

The bay in which we are anchored is merely a curve in the shore, and the blue waves from the ocean come sweeping in and lash themselves into foam on the rocky beach, at the base of a white-walled town which clings to the steep hillside. The sun shines brilliantly on the vivid green and blue and white of the view, and the land breeze is so warm that it seems like a day in May rather than one in February.

But we have all too short a time to spend in this beautiful spot, so we hurry to climb down into one of the little boats to be rowed ashore. That is more easily said than done, for the waves are high, and the small boats are at the level of the lowest step of the landing stairs one minute, and five feet below it the next. Two sailors seize each

passenger, hold him until the boat rises to the proper level, and then drop him into it. It is our first experience at landing in a rough sea, and seems rather alarming.



Ella DuCane

LOO ROCK FROM THE SHORE

We are rowed past the Loo, a great rock which stands up abruptly at the end of the breakwater, and landed on the sea wall just beyond it. We had supposed the Loo to be a fort when we looked at it from the ship, it was so square and looked so like solid masonry. On a near view we see that it is a rock; but ruins clinging to one side of it show where it was fortified in the old days when Portugal had to fight for her colonial possessions.

On the pier, awaiting our coming, are a host of beggars, and back of them a line of queer sledges, drawn by oxen. Madeira is unique in that it has practically no

horses and no wheeled vehicles. The streets are so steep that horses would be of little use; so the inhabitants have adopted a most ingenious way of transportation. They pave their streets with small, sharp-pointed stones, set



A BULLOCK COACH

with the edges up; and their vehicles are all set on runners like our sleds, and are drawn usually by oxen. The sharp stones are very slippery, so the sledges go along easily; and sometimes the runners are greased to make them go faster. The coaches for people to ride in are made of wickerwork, with open sides and curtains. Each coach is drawn by two oxen, and the driver of the coach walks beside it, guiding the animals with a sharp-pointed stick. In front a small boy trots along, carrying a piece of raveled rope on a short stick, with which he tickles the faces of the oxen as a sign which helps in guiding them.

When two such coaches pass at a corner, or when they have to turn around, the drivers and boys push the coaches to one side, for the oxen do not have intelligence enough to do the turning.



A GAY, CANOPIED HAMMOCK

If you wish to travel more quickly than these slow-moving oxen will drag you, you can recline in a gay, canopied hammock carried by two men, who prefer, it is true, to walk, but will run if you insist upon it. A third man runs along beside you, as you lie at ease in the hammock, to relieve either of the bearers who grows tired. It is a very lazy and luxurious way of traveling, but not nearly so rapid as the slowest horse.

We decline both hammock and oxcart and decide to walk for a while, everything looks so strange and interesting to us. Even the beggars are not such a nuisance as we supposed they would be. We do not feel that they can suffer much in such a beautiful place as this. There are plenty of them, little boys and girls and grown men and women. They are all barefooted, but that is no hardship here, and we do not see that they are any more poorly

dressed than most of the people on the streets. A crowd of them follow us for a few steps, but when they find that we give nothing all of them drop back except one young woman with a handkerchief over her head, who keeps along with us for nearly a mile, saying over and over in a sort of whining sing-song, "Povera, povera, povera!" One of our party tells us that the word means "poor woman"; but it does not take a knowledge of any language to know that she is begging.

We toil along up the steep rocky road, exclaiming at the tangled luxuriance of the flowers and vines which throw themselves recklessly over the white walls of the town and the steep precipices of the hillside in sheets of

gorgeous color. Great patches of orange honeysuckle such as we never see in America, clumps of pink roses, and festoons of the purple bougainvillæa make a brilliant patchwork background for the white houses. These are built of stone, covered with stucco and colored white or pale yellow.



Ella DuCane

A MADEIRA DOORWAY

The windows are small, and many have tiny iron balconies in front of them. The roofs of red tile add another bright color note to the scene.

On our right, farther and farther below as we climb the steep road, lies the rocky shore, where the long surges break in a thunderous roll and tumble back in white spray. Down on the beach are bare-legged children, hunting for crabs perhaps; and in one place a number of women are washing clothes, rubbing them with stones, rinsing them in the salt water, and finally stretching them out on the rocks to dry.

After a mile or so we realize that toiling up a hill in the hot sunshine on sharp stones is hard work, and we are ready to climb into the first bullock coach that comes along. The Doctor says to the driver, "Ho posto," which means, "The post office," and we are driven into a narrow alley, where he leaves the coach to go into the post office to mail the letters we have written on the voyage. We sit and watch three small urchins playing some game we do not understand. They are ragged and barefooted, but are having a good time until one of the smaller ones evidently wins, when the big one seizes him and pounds his head violently against the stone step. An American small boy would have howled, but this one merely wipes away a few silent tears and comes up to our coach, putting out his tiny hand to beg, with such a cheerful smile that we yield and give him a few pennies. We also toss a penny (English money) for a bunch of oleander blossoms which another little lad has tossed into the coach, apparently as a gift, for he only bowed and smiled when throwing them to us.

By this time all the small boys in the neighborhood seem to have collected around us, and the driver has fairly to beat them off in order to get started again.

This time we let him go where he pleases, and he takes us in and out of the narrow, clean streets all through the center of the town, till we finally come to the market place, an enclosed square with a pretty fountain in the center. Here old women sit with their wares, principally fruit and vegetables, spread around them on the stones. We see quantities of strawberries, and several strange fruits we do not have at home, among them custard apples, which we like; but the others are too sweet to be attractive to our northern taste.

Higher and higher up the mountain side our slow oxen drag us, until we come to the foot of the inclined railway running up beyond the town. Some of us go up, and those left below stand and watch the people coming down, and enjoy that quite as much. They are seated in small sledges somewhat like toboggans, and coast down on slippery rails. The coming down takes only a very few moments, and is quite as exciting as "shooting the chute." An attendant sits on each side of the toboggan to guide it, one foot on the runner and one to push on the road, to keep the direction straight.

While we are looking at the tobogganing, several little boys come along with books under their arms, evidently just going to school, though it is already ten o'clock. We speak in Spanish to one of them, asking to see his book, which turns out to be a big volume for the teaching of English. We try to coax the lad to say a word of English

to us, but though he seems to understand, he can only blush and shake his head in reply. These lads are evidently of well-to-do families, for they wear shoes and stockings, rather unusual articles of dress in Madeira, where many of the men and women are barefooted.

Here we dismiss our ox coach and walk slowly down toward the quay, stopping frequently to look into the little shops or wonder at the strange and beautiful plants.



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS

The houses do not stand separate from each other with gardens between or with green grass and flowers and trees in front; they are built close together, and even with the streets. Occasionally we see a large private garden, and we wander through the public gardens, filled with palms of many varieties, the cactus, bamboo, and a strange tree called the dragon tree.

The sidewalks, where there are any, — narrow streets have none, — are made of small pebbles, sometimes of different colors and laid in pretty patterns, diamonds, squares, or triangles. The

walks are narrow, two or three feet wide usually; but the streets are so clean that we do not mind walking in

them, particularly as they are occupied only by the slow ox-drawn sledges or by strings of little donkeys with great baskets, filled with anything our great drays usually carry — coal, hay, wood, bread, or vegetables. Sometimes we meet people bringing in loads on their heads, among them a woman with a kind of pad on her head, carrying on it a great plank, ten feet by two, perhaps.

The shops we are particularly interested in are those which sell the articles made on the island. A kind of reed grass grows here which is made into chairs and all kinds of basketry, very cunningly woven by the natives. We reluctantly pass by tiny dolls' furniture sets, the tables three inches high, for they are so delicate that we cannot safely pack them. There are laces for sale too, of native manufacture, beautifully fine; and there are many wine shops of course. The island, though only about three hundred square miles in extent, produces a wine known all over the world and much prized for its excellence. The money brought in by the sale of the wine, and that spent here by the English and American travelers, almost entirely supports the population. The green hillsides are covered on their sunny slopes with vines carefully tended; and a failure of the grape crop means destitution for most of the inhabitants.

Feeling tired and hungry, we step into a little shop marked "English Coffee-Room" for something to eat. The front of the shop consists of doors which are folded back like the leaves of a screen, so that there really is no front. The small room is open completely on the side toward the street. No one is in the place, so we pound on

a table and soon a young man comes in from the next shop, a wine store, to take our order. He speaks a little English, and we are surprised to find that he looks after the adjoining shops, all open in front in the same way and completely separated from each other, so that he has to go into the street to get from one to the other. This certainly speaks well for the honesty of people in Madeira.

But our vessel is whistling for passengers to return, and we know we must bring our visit in this quaint place to an end. We sit still long enough to laugh over the struggles of a fat old woman trying to drive a fat old hog across the square in front of the shop, and then slowly retrace our steps down the steep walk along the sea to the landing stage.

On board the vessel once more, we look back at the shining white town against its dark background, and alternately lament that we have had so short a time there and declare that we are coming back before many years to spend a long vacation in that land of flowers and soft air. The climate is so delightfully mild and sunny that Madeira is a great health resort, especially for the English. Perhaps the people who are compelled to live here for their health's sake come to find it no more interesting than any other land, but it is hard to believe that anyone can fail to enjoy life in such a beautiful spot.

While we are waiting for the rest of the passengers to get on board, we lean over the side of the vessel and watch the small boats clustered around us. Look at those little lads diving from them for silver sixpences thrown to them from the deck. The water is twenty-five feet deep where



THE LANDING STAGE

the ship is anchored, but the little fellows never lose a coin. They stand on the shoulders of the boatmen and dive almost before the coin can strike the water, bringing it up sometimes held tightly between the toes and sometimes in the mouth.

Many of the boats are heaped high with wicker deck chairs with the word MADEIRA woven in the back. The regular price for them is five dollars, but as the ship is making ready to sail, the price drops rapidly till the last chair is bought for two dollars. We are slowly moving by this time, and the money has to be dropped into the boat and the chair pulled up by a skillful sailor.

Flowers and fruit are plentiful on the steamer this afternoon. The ladies are going about with long wreaths of honeysuckle around their necks. The orange blossoms and bright green leaves look very pretty against the white dresses which the warm weather has brought out. Is it possible that we were suffering with the cold three days ago?

We spend part of the afternoon reading over an account of Madeira. Tradition says it was discovered by two lovers who were eloping from Portugal. They were trying to go to France, but contrary winds drove the ship southward to this strange island, and they were so captivated by the place that they chose to remain here and allow their ship to go back without them. They died here, and are said to be buried under the oldest church on the island.

That is the tradition; but history tells us that the Portuguese discovered the island in 1417. In that year two Portuguese ships were driven out of their course by a storm, and sighted one of the islands of the group, which they called Porto Santo, or Holy Port, in gratitude for their rescue from shipwreck. The next year an expedition was sent from Portugal to colonize the island, and, happening to reach the larger island first, they gladly landed there and named it Madeira because it was thickly wooded. Madeira is the Portuguese word for timber. The islands at that time were entirely uninhabited, but now there are one hundred and thirty-two thousand people in Madeira alone, rather more than its limited area can properly support.

The people as a rule are ignorant and rather lazy, which

is not strange since it requires very little work to earn a living in such a delightful climate. Only the lightest clothes are necessary, summer or winter, and even the shelter of a house could be dispensed with since it is never cold and very rarely rains. Most of the commerce of the islands is in the hands of British merchants, who supply the enterprise the Portuguese inhabitants lack. Of the seven hundred or so vessels entering the port of Funchal during the year, over one half are English, and only about one hundred are Portuguese, though the islands form a Portuguese province and are under the government of Portugal. Representatives are elected here and sent to the Portuguese Cortes, or parliament, which meets in Lisbon, five hundred and thirty miles away.

We are well on our way toward Gibraltar now, and it is already so much cooler that white dresses have disappeared under warm jackets. To-morrow we shall reach the famous rock, where we are to go on shore for our trip through Spain.



GIBRALTAR

SPAIN, A LAND OF DEPARTED GLORY

I. GIBRALTAR

WHEN we look out of our porthole Sunday morning, there lies the great Rock of Gibraltar, looking exactly as the familiar pictures represent it. Gibraltar, we know, is the southernmost point of the Spanish peninsula. But it does not belong to Spain and is not likely ever to be hers again, though the Spaniards always speak of its being *temporarily* in the possession of Great Britain. England won it from Spain in fair fight in 1704, and has held it ever since, even through a prolonged siege which the brave garrison had to suffer from 1779 to 1783. Its fortifications are said now to be the strongest in the world, and its position, just at the entrance to the Mediterranean, gives it immense importance in case of a European war, since its guns command the nine miles of the strait and make it

impossible for any vessels to pass through unless England is willing to allow them.

The Rock itself rises precipitously on all sides, and the town clings to the steep west side, climbing perhaps a quarter of the way up. Above that, roads have been hewn out of the stone, and a small railroad, belonging to the fort, runs to the very top. The Rock is not an island, but a narrow promontory, connected with the mainland of Spain by a strip of low-lying sandy soil. The strip is called neutral ground, which means that it belongs to both England and Spain; and the two parallel lines of sentry boxes running across it mark the boundaries of English and Spanish dominion.

The Rock is about three miles long from north to south and fourteen thousand feet high. It is honeycombed with narrow, hidden galleries leading to the square port-holes, as we might call them, which hold the guns. No visitor is ever allowed



A PART OF THE FORTIFICATIONS

in these galleries, and the British are very careful not to allow an outsider to obtain information about the fortifications which would be useful to an enemy of England. No one is allowed to make sketches or to take photographs inside the fortifications.

The little town of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants

at the base of the Rock is largely English-speaking, so we do not seem to be in so foreign a place as at Madeira. It has fine docks and piers and lies on one side of a land-locked bay, so all the great ocean liners running from North or South America to Mediterranean ports, and from Great Britain through the Suez Canal to India, South Africa, or Australia, stop here to take in coal or to put off passengers. Besides, England always keeps some of her powerful warships here, and usually there are several belonging to other nations. There are many transports also, and small vessels bringing supplies for the British garrison, while very noticeable are the colliers, bringing coal from the far-away mines of the home country.

As it is not possible for the large ships to land at the docks, the passengers must disembark into little skiffs and be rowed the half mile or so from the anchorage to the shore. That is why swarms of little boats are dotting the harbor in every direction. The sight of so many different kinds of craft reminds us of Kipling's verses:

"The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds —
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

"The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside;
But oh, the little cargo-boats, that 'aven't any man!
They've got to do their business first, and make the most they can."

At the pier in Gibraltar we are crowded into a small steamer, bound for Algeciras, the nearest Spanish town.

As we walk down the long pier to the steamer, crowds of men and children follow us, begging us to buy great bouquets of violets, freesias, and almond blossoms. They also offer us queer little straw baskets filled with delicious oranges. They are somewhat like our Florida oranges, only smaller and thinner skinned, and their flavor seems even finer. We shall see plenty of trees loaded with the golden fruit during our long railway ride, reminding us that oranges are an important export of Spain.

Landing at Algeciras, we are at last on Spanish soil, and we can realize it even in the short walk up the pier to the station, for the inhabitants of the little town all turn out to stare at "los Americanos." They line up along the pier, gazing and laughing at us, and make remarks about us exactly as if we were a cargo of strange animals.

The men wear broad black or gray felt hats as a rule, though many of the older ones have very dirty handkerchiefs tied around their heads instead. Coats or jackets are rare, but most of the men have a broad sash of red cotton wound about the waist. They are all smoking cigarettes — every one in Spain seems to smoke. At the station is a child certainly not over four, clinging to his mother's dress and smoking a cigarette — a sight which helps us to understand why the Spanish peasants are so often dull and unprogressive.

None of the women wear hats. Spanish women take great pride in the arrangement of their hair, and a hat would disorder it. So they go bare-headed usually, though a few, evidently of the wealthier class, have a corner of a black lace shawl over their heads. Their hair, which is

intensely black, is combed back from their faces in a large pompadour and arranged in puffs high on the head, with gaudy pins or red and yellow paper roses. While they are naturally very dark-skinned, they evidently admire a fair complexion, since they use an absurd amount of powder on their faces. Without it some of them would be decidedly pretty. They are generally dressed in bright print gowns with pink or red or purple aprons, and on their shoulders

are light shawls, folded to make a point in the back. So many bright colors make a Spanish crowd very gay.



BEGGAR CHILDREN DANCING

All these particulars we have observed in the first few moments, for we are immediately besieged by the beggars who crowd around us, holding out their hands and crying, "Penny! Penny!" the only English word any Spaniard seems to know. Some of them are badly deformed and use their

deformities as a stock in trade. It is sad to think of all these children being taught, as soon as they can speak or walk, to hold out their little hands and beg. They are pretty, as a rule, and seem happy and well-fed. You must not suppose that they are compelled to beg to make a living.

There is plenty of work to be done in Spain as everywhere else in the world, but the poorer classes here regard begging as a trade, quite as proper as farming or shop-keeping.

But at last we escape from the beggars and reach the train which is to take us to Granada. It is very different from our American trains. The cars are divided from side to side into little rooms or compartments. These are entirely separated from each other and have doors at the side.

There are no doors at the ends of the cars. Every car has several compartments, each seating from eight to fifteen passengers, according to the class. The first-class compartments are well cushioned and carpeted, the second-class comfortably cushioned, the third-class have wooden seats, and the fourth-class are the



AT A SPANISH RAILROAD STATION

plainest and most crowded. When the train stops at a station, the doors are all opened and people pour out much more rapidly than we can get out of our long cars. For a small party the European compartment cars are very pleasant.

Spain is a backward country in many ways; her poor railroads are examples of this. We have taken an express train which stops at few stations, and still it will take us nearly ten hours to go one hundred and eighty miles. However it is only fair to add that much of the road is built over difficult grades, some of the summits being three thousand feet high. But the train is a light one and is drawn by two of the puffy little iron machines they call engines here. One of our locomotives would make three of them.

For two hours after leaving Algeciras we pass through a very wild and mountainous country. Great crags overhang the narrow gorges; mountain torrents tumble headlong down the precipices and rush along in their beds far, far below us, flowing in narrow, deep channels where great boulders frequently divide the stream. Every now and then the train thunders through a tunnel, and then perhaps we cross a high plateau hemmed in on all sides, miles away on the horizon, by the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The name means Snow-covered Saw, and "saw" is very descriptive of those jagged points. The train is climbing all the time, for we started at the sea level, and Granada, to which we are going, is twenty-five hundred feet above it.

It seems strange not to see mining towns, for we know that the mountains of Spain are rich in valuable minerals and that some of the largest deposits of copper and quicksilver in the world are found in their southern ranges. In the mountains of the north coast are vast quantities of coal and iron; but the mines are not properly worked and

it is cheaper to buy coal imported from England than to mine it in the country itself. Silver and lead are also found here. Some day perhaps, when Spain wakes from her Rip-van-Winkle sleep and discovers her own riches, she will find herself once more the great and powerful nation she was in the past.

A Spanish town looks very strange to American eyes. In the first place it is likely to be perched high up on a hillside, and as railroads do not climb hills if they can help it, the railway station is usually in the valley, perhaps two or three miles from the town. In the next place the houses are all built of rough stones, covered with stucco which is colored a dazzling white. The town is merely a collection of houses, not a tree nor a blade of grass anywhere as a rule, unless there is a public garden or possibly a plaza with a fountain in it and a few trees growing up out of the pavement. The sight of one of these white cities perched on a hilltop, shining from afar in the sunshine, is indescribably picturesque.

We already know from our geographies that the chief products of southern Spain are cork, olives, and wool; but we hardly realized that we should begin to see those products the minute we entered Spain. All along the first half of our journey we see freight cars piled high with great slices of cork bark, and we discover that we are passing through cork-tree forests. The tree is very scraggy and gnarled, and seems to grow wild through the greater portion of Andalusia. It is not tall, but its branches are wide-spreading, and its little, leathery, gray-green leaves and irregular method of growing make it appropriate to this

wild and rugged country. The bark is stripped from it by merely cutting through to the hard wood and peeling it carefully off. This is done once in six or eight years, we are told; but the bark of young trees is so porous that it is useless and it is not until a tree is about fifteen years old and has been peeled two or three times that the bark is solid enough to be marketable. It is peeled off in strips and these strips are then soaked and pressed to make them flat, so they can be easily packed and sent to factories to be cut up for use as stoppers for bottles, as life preservers, and so forth.

We frequently see flocks of sheep grazing on the rugged hillsides, which afford excellent pasturage for them and for goats. In former times Spain was famous for the merino sheep raised here, whose wool was of the finest quality; but now the merinos have been almost entirely replaced by sheep which yield only a coarse wool no longer used anywhere but in the country itself.

Gradually the country becomes much more cultivated. Prosperous farms and olive and orange orchards bound the road on both sides. Here we see on sunny slopes great vineyards which produce grapes, raisins, and wine that are world famous. Malaga lies only a few miles to the south of this district, and from there are shipped the barrels of white grapes which can be seen in every large grocery store in America. Two hundred miles to the northeast on the Mediterranean coast is Valencia, where the finest raisins in the world are exported. Jerez, around on the Atlantic side, is the center of the wine trade and has given its name to sherry, a kind of wine greatly used in England.



AN OLIVE ORCHARD

Wine forms one of the largest exports of Spain, the excellent quality of the Spanish wines making them valuable for medicinal purposes. But much of the wine is very carelessly made and sells for only a few cents a gallon, so that the peasants can afford to use it freely.

The olive orchards are particularly beautiful, with their knotty trees and glossy dark green foliage. The leaves are narrow, dark green on the top and silvery gray underneath. February is not the right season of the year to see the olives on the trees, but we can imagine how they will look, turning first a yellowish green and later, when ripe, a bluish black. The peasants in Spain use great quantities of them for food, eating them in place of meat, which is so high-priced here that the mass of the people cannot afford it. Olives have a great deal of oil in them, which supplies to the Spaniard the fat which the American gets from meats and butter. Olives are eaten ripe from the trees, or green and pickled in salt water; or they are crushed in rude mills and the oil is used for salad or on bread instead of butter. The finest olives in the world are the Spanish olives raised here in southern Spain, and the olive oil made here is in great demand on account of its fine flavor.

During the first part of our ride hedges of ugly cactus took the place of fences, but when we reach the fertile farming land of the plateaus miles and miles of blossoming almond trees, with here and there neat stone fences, displace the cactuses. The almond has beautiful pinkish-white blossoms which completely cover the trees, and as there are no leaves as yet on them, each tree looks like a

huge bouquet of pink bloom. The trees yield large crops of nuts in the late summer, which are exported and help to support the farmers.

But the flowers that grow along the roadside! Whole fields white with narcissus, or blue with dwarf iris, or purple with violets, or yellow with flowering currants, and always deliciously fragrant. Children in crowds at the station platforms, with great bunches of the blossoms, throw them into our laps, shouting always, "Penny! Penny!"

During the first part of our journey our train wound along the valley of the Guardiaro, which ran hurriedly along its rocky bed at our right, often far below us. But now that we have penetrated the mountains and have come out on the other side on the high plateau where Granada is situated, the character of the landscape changes entirely. The little streams trickling along by the side of the railroad have now found their way into another, larger river, the Rio Frio, which we occasionally follow. The soil now is reddish yellow, instead of whitish and chalklike, as it has been before, and the land is taken up with well-kept farms. It is said that this district of southwest Spain contains some of the most productive land in the world. Irrigation must be used; for the rainfall in all of Spain except that part bordering on the Atlantic is too slight to nourish vegetation properly; but extensive irrigation works, begun many centuries ago by the clever old Moors and maintained and extended by the government ever since, have rendered this belt along the Mediterranean shore a garden spot, in great contrast to the barren, dry plains of the interior of the country.



A TRAIN OF PACK DONKEYS

It is too early in the spring for the crops to be very far up, but enough have been started to cover the fields with a green carpet. Although it is Sunday, the farmers are all out at work. Many women help in the fields, doing what we always think of as men's work in the United States. No horses are used; the plows and carts are all drawn by oxen, and produce is carried to market on the backs of patient little donkeys. Long strings of them are trotting along the path by the railroad, with great baskets or panniers fastened on each side of them, heaped high with green vegetables. Perhaps the donkey's master rides on top of the load, or perhaps he runs barefooted in the dusty road beside his little beast. But always he seems fond of his donkey, and we do not see the tiny creatures beaten or even hurried. No one hurries in Spain. Their favorite word is "manana," which signifies "to-mor-

row; ” and they mean by that very much what we should if we said, “ Never do to-day anything you can put off till to-morrow.”

We are much surprised at the ridiculously old-fashioned pattern of the plows these farmers use — just a sharp-edged board with a handle standing up for the driver to grasp, and a shaft to which the oxen are yoked. That kind of plow must have been common in the time of Columbus, but it is centuries since English-speaking people have used it.

We also notice men stooping over and apparently digging up the fields with little trowels. At one of the stations a nearer view of a line of men working in that back-breaking manner shows us that they are using hoes with handles only a foot long. Think what tiresome and hard work the Spanish farmer makes for himself by clinging to such poor tools as wooden plows and short-handled hoes!

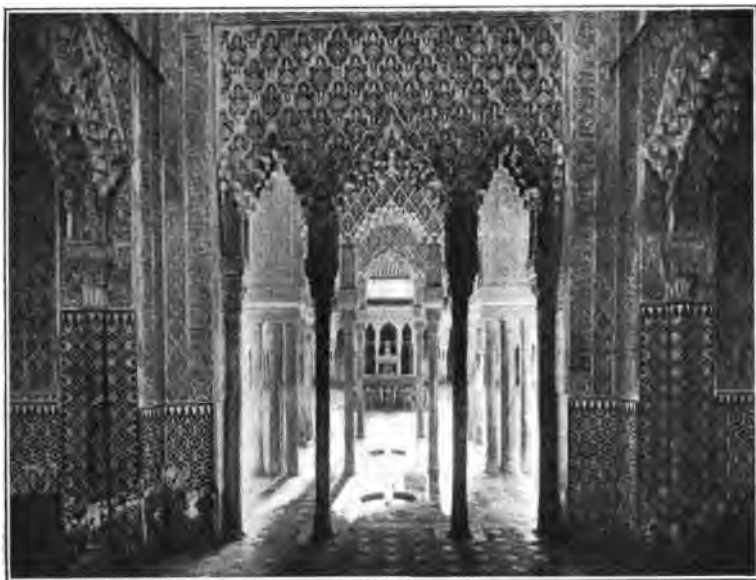
Often we see women washing and spreading the clothes on the ground to dry. They seem to think nothing of the fact that it is Sunday, a day of rest. And look! there is a woman stitching on a sewing machine, placed outside her house, — in the front yard, as we should say. Several times we have seen the machines standing in front of the tiny white cottages, and once we are close enough to see that the machine is of American manufacture. It shows how dry the climate must be here that it is possible to leave a sewing machine out of doors. I suppose a Spanish woman is so proud of possessing one that she puts it in front of her cottage so that every one may know she has it.

Beyond the mountain range, houses and small towns

have become frequent, and we have stopped at several cities. Ronda, the first large one, was once a great Roman city, and near it we see the remains of an old Roman aqueduct. Bobadilla, an important railroad center, is the next large place. Did you ever hear of a man by that name? He was the general sent over to San Domingo in 1500 by the Spanish king to investigate the colony Columbus had charge of there; and it was he who threw Columbus into chains and sent him back to Spain a prisoner. The name sounds funny to us, but it is not any queerer than some of our Indian names for towns, Mauch Chunk, or Kalamazoo, for instance.

Though many of the towns are large, there seems to be very little business going on at the stations. One side track accommodates the few freight cars, usually piled with cork or coal, which men are unloading into the panniers of pack-donkeys. Usually a single small warehouse is enough for storage purposes. Yet we are on the principal railroad in south Spain.





A VISTA IN THE ALHAMBRA

II. GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA

THE darkness has settled down upon us before we reach Granada, and we see nothing of the city but a blur of lights, evidently at some distance from the station. Tired and hungry, we climb into the carriages awaiting us and are carried through dense clouds of dust to the paved streets of the city, where the rare lamps light the darkness so little that we can see almost nothing of the streets. Very few people are out. The men we pass usually wear broad-brimmed hats, and instead of an overcoat, a long, very full, black broadcloth cape, reaching to the knees, usually

lined with bright-colored plush. This cloak can be worn in a hundred graceful ways. One end is often thrown over the shoulder so that the bright lining is turned outward; or an end may be wound around the arm. In America we never see men wearing such a garment except in plays on the stage, and we feel as if we were driving right among the scenery of an opera, as we thread our way through the narrow, dark streets of Granada, with now and then one of these mysterious-looking men peering up at our carriage and muttering in his strange language.

A drive of a mile or two brings us to our hotel, supposed to be one of the best in town; but we feel sorry for any one who has stayed at a worse. It is a queer, rambling stone house, with open hallways around a small court, and with no means of heating the rooms. Granada is twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, and is decidedly cold at night. Our dinner is served at tables placed in the court, and we have to keep all our wraps on and shiver in spite of them. The floors throughout the hotel are of stone, even in the bedrooms, where tiny strips of matting laid in front of the beds are the only floor covering.

Breakfast in the morning consists of twists of hard, dingy-colored bread, without any butter, and coffee, which, diluted with goat's milk instead of cream, is so bitter as to be almost undrinkable. After trying to choke something down, we step out on the street in front of the hotel to wait for the carriage which is to take us up the hill of the Alhambra; and now is the time to read a morning paper. It is Monday morning, but we find we can get nothing more recent than a paper published in Madrid the preceding

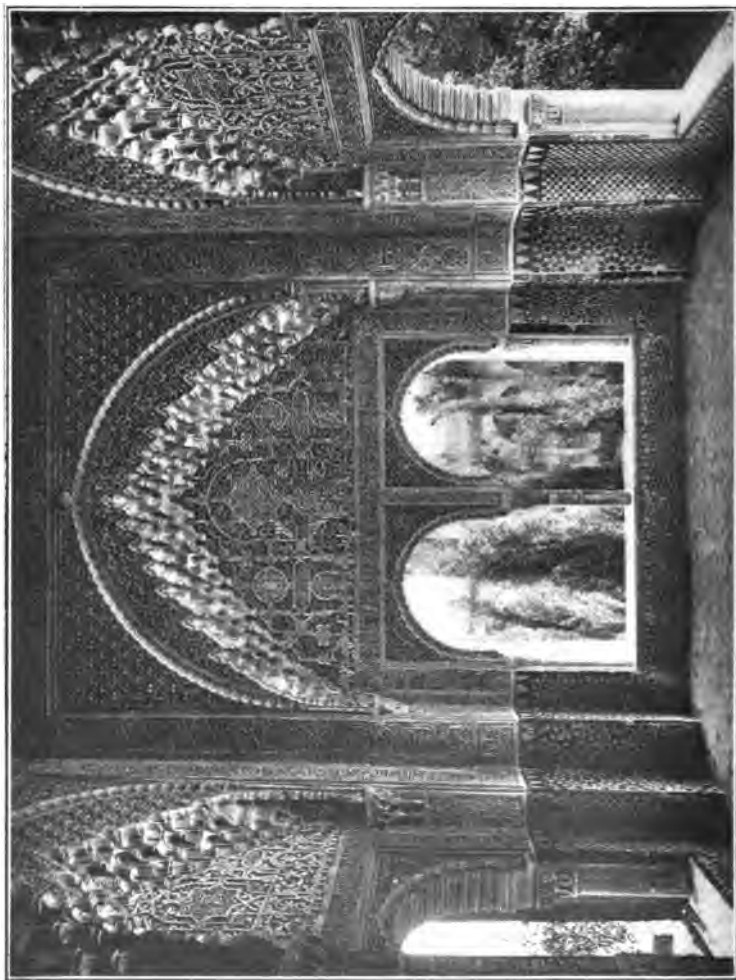
Saturday. The newspapers in Granada do not appear until noon, it seems.

The street offers some strange sights. First comes a little girl with her flock of goats, which she is driving from door to door and milking. It is the first time we have seen this kind of milkman, and certainly there are many advantages in such a method of delivering milk. You are sure that it is pure milk, for one thing, and it is certainly fresh. Children with flocks of goats, and men with long strings of loaded donkeys are constantly passing.

By nine o'clock we are started on our day's sightseeing. The morning is to be devoted to the Alhambra, the ancient palace and stronghold of the Moors. To appreciate this wonderful building fully we must know something of the history of this part of Spain. In the year 710 A. D., Spain was conquered by a great and warlike people, the Moors, who came over from Africa, bringing at the head of their armies the crescent, which is the symbol of the Mohammedan religion. The Moors tried to stamp out the Christian religion, but never entirely succeeded, as they were hated by the native Spaniards.

At last the Christians of the northern parts of Spain rose in rebellion and regained their land from the Moors. One by one their great cities, Cordova, Toledo, Ronda, fell into the hands of the Christian princes; and at last, in 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella took their last stronghold, Granada, and Spain was delivered from the Moorish conquerors.

The Christians, fortunately, did not destroy all the good things the Moors left, for they were wise enough to see



A WINDOW IN THE ALHAMBRA

that the people they had driven out were their superiors in some particulars. For one thing, they were great workers, and they introduced into Spain many industries and arts which still survive there. You may have heard of Toledo blades; their Moorish conquerors taught the people of Toledo the art of tempering steel, and the best swords in the world used to be made there. And have you ever heard of Cordovan leather? The art of making and decorating fine leather was another thing the Moors taught the Spaniards.

Best of all, the Moors had a distinct kind of architecture, appropriate for a hot climate and beautiful in itself. All the cities in southern Spain are Moorish in their style of architecture, though but few of the actual Moorish buildings remain. Of these the famous Alhambra is by far the most beautiful and most extensive. It was built by a Moorish king about 1250, and enlarged several times by his successors, until it became the most beautiful palace in Spain. Besides being a palace, it was also a fort; and as the Moorish strongholds fell, one by one, into Spanish hands, Granada alone was able to hold out. At last, in 1492, Ferdinand besieged the Alhambra, which Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, was defending, and took the palace and the city, thus again bringing all Spain under a Christian king after nearly eight hundred years of Mohammedan rule. Ferdinand and Isabella at once set up their court in the Alhambra, in the same year in which Columbus discovered America.

Later, the rulers of Spain failing to realize what a wonderfully beautiful palace the Moors had built, parts of it

were torn down or walled up, so that the buildings were much harmed. One Spanish king started to build an addition to it, and his showy structure hides a large part of the old palace. When our own Washington Irving traveled in Spain, he "discovered" the Alhambra, our guide tells us; that is, he was the first to appreciate the rare beauty of its plan and decorations, and he wrote about it and talked about it so much that travelers ever since have been making pilgrimages to Granada in order to see it. Then the Spanish government awoke to its value, and tried to repair the parts that were falling into hopeless ruin and to prevent people from carrying off bits of its tiling and carvings as relics. But it had been neglected and deserted for so many years that only a small part of its original beauty now remains.

The old palace stands on a hill on the outskirts of the city, and is surrounded by a fortified wall. We pass into the grounds through the Gate of Pomegranates, beyond which our horses toil slowly up the steep road through most beautiful old woods. The trees are still almost bare, but the wild flowers are just beginning to show their tiny green leaves under the trees, and when we look at the pretty waterfalls and sparkling fountains in which the Darro river has been made to flow we can understand what a charming place these woods must be in the hot Spanish summer. The steep ascent leads us shortly to another gateway, which opens on a stretch of ground immediately in front of the scattered towers and buildings of the old palace. Here we are taken in charge by guides, for no one is allowed to go about alone.



IN THE ALHAMBRA GARDENS

Our first impression of the Alhambra is rather one of disappointment. Its low brick walls covered with plaster and whitewashed, the single narrow entrance, and the general dingy, neglected appearance of the building, make it anything but imposing. The Moors never cared anything about the appearance of the outside of their buildings. They were very superstitious, and had an idea that they avoided the "evil eye" of envious enemies by making their houses so unattractive outside that no one would dream of the splendors within. Moreover, Moorish houses lack the dignity that is given by height, for they were built in mountainous countries where earthquakes are frequent;



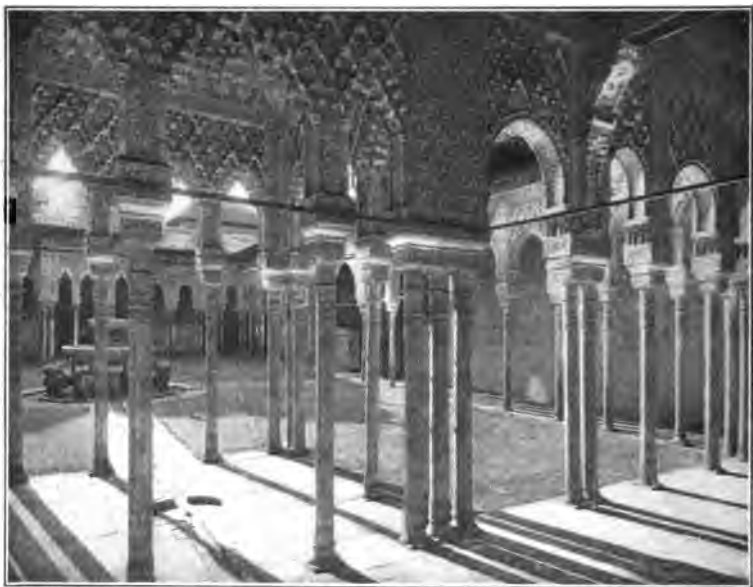
COURT OF THE LIONS

indeed one portion of the Alhambra was destroyed by an earthquake. An important characteristic of the Moorish house was its court, open to the sky. Around this the rooms were built, into it they opened, and from it they were lighted, so that they needed but few windows in their outer walls.

But once inside, our disappointment is suddenly changed to admiration, for the beauty of the interior forms the most striking contrast to the outside. Here we enter the famous Court of the Lions, so called because in the center is a large fountain with twelve alabaster lions supporting the great bowl. Into the court on each side open beauti-

ful rooms, with intricately carved walls and ceilings and tiny windows covered with fine wooden lattices, looking into other courts or small enclosed gardens. Covered walks, their roofs supported by twisted marble or alabaster pillars, run around these open courts, and lofty horseshoe-shaped arches lead into the passages and rooms opening from them. The walls are faced with exquisitely colored blue and yellow tiles. Arabic words, verses from the Koran, are woven in and out in decorations so intricate and fine that it is hard to distinguish the letters from the figures surrounding them. "There is no God but Allah," "Glory be given to our Lord," and similar texts are repeated again and again. Words can convey no idea of the delicacy and fineness of these decorations, and pictures cannot make one realize the beauty of the coloring, always in blues or soft yellows, harmonizing with the pinkish yellow alabaster or marble of which much of the interior of the palace is built.

We wander through all the famous rooms — the Hall of Justice; the Hall of the Ambassadors, which is the great square room where Columbus stood before Ferdinand and Isabella; and the Hall of the Abencerrages, into which Boabdil, the last Moorish king, enticed the thirty-six chieftains of the Abencerrages tribe and slew them all. The stains in the marble basin, the guide assures us, came from their blood. Opposite, across the court, is the Hall of the Two Sisters, so called because of two slabs of very pure white marble laid in the floor. Up into the small towers we climb, peering through tiny latticed windows, stumbling up the worn stone steps of winding stairways, threading



LOFTY HORSESHOE-SHAPED ARCHES

our way through narrow passages, till we are glad to sink down on one of the stone benches for rest. Pictures of parts of the Alhambra are all we can carry away, for the old palace is so scattered and hemmed in that it is impossible to photograph it as a whole.

But we must leave the wonderful old Moorish palace and return to modern Spain, so with many backward glances, we leave the beautiful hilltop, feeling as if we have been wandering in some dream of the Arabian Nights.

We now spend some time driving around the city of Granada, visiting the park and the cathedral, and a fine

statue of Columbus showing his maps to Isabella, which stands in an open square.

The cathedral is a very ancient one; and Ferdinand and Isabella are buried there. We are allowed to flatten our faces against a tall gilded fence to look at their tomb. They were buried at first in the Alhambra, but later their bodies were brought here, where they now rest under a magnificent monument.

While we are waiting for our carriage, the stage from Malaga comes in. It is a great, lumbering, awkward affair, drawn by six horses. A ten-foot ladder has to be set against it for the passengers to climb down from the top. This old-fashioned vehicle is still used by the farmers, though there is now a railroad between Malaga and Granada.

We are shown the outdoor theater where the national game of Spain, bullfighting, is carried on. Every town of any size in Spain has its ring for bullfights, and the people flock there to watch the cruel sport. Our guide describes the game to us with great enthusiasm; but the sight of the long oval enclosure with its banks of seats rising on all sides is quite as close as we care to come to the barbarous and degrading sport.

The great bulls used in the fights are from an especially fine breed, raised in the mountains near here. Fine horses, descendants of the Arab steeds brought here by the Moors, are also raised expressly for this purpose; and many men spend their whole lives in training to take part in the game. The bull is starved for a day or two before the fight is to take place, so that he may be as savage and ugly-tempered

as possible when he is at last turned loose in the ring. Then men carrying red cloaks flaunt them in his face, and when he turns to rush upon them, nimble horsemen distract him by striking small goads or darts into his back and leaving them there, until, frantic with the pain, blinded with his own blood, and worn out by the long struggle, he receives his deathblow from the heavy dagger held in the skillful hand of the toreador, the hero of the bullfight. Perhaps several beautiful and high-spirited horses lie dead in the ring, gored by the poor tortured bull before he yields to his persecutors; and perhaps one of the men has been trampled to death. But no Spaniard thinks of those things as cruel or shocking, and there is no man in all the country more honored than a famous toreador.

At three o'clock we start for the train which is to take us to Madrid. We are always amused at the way a Spanish train starts. As soon as we reach a station, we all get out and walk up and down the platform, and when it is time for the train to start, a man with a dinner bell runs up and down, making all the noise he can with it. Then we all climb back to our places and say, "Now we are going to start." Several minutes pass, and again the man runs up and down, shaking the dinner bell frantically. Another wait. A third violent ringing is followed by still another wait. At last some one in the station blows a little toy whistle, the engineer toots, and we are off, several minutes after the time set for the departure.

III. MADRID

THE Spanish peninsula consists of a high plateau surrounded on practically every side by mountains and crossed by several ranges. The lofty peaks of the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Morena traverse all of south Spain and shut in the interior plateau so that communication between the inland districts and the coast is very difficult. On the northeast lie the great heights of the Pyrenees, so lofty and inaccessible that they form a solid wall between Spain and the rest of Europe. There are no passes through the Pyrenees, as there are through the Alps, and the railroads have been obliged to make their way around them at the end of the chain, along the seacoast.

The climate of the central plateau is fiercely hot in summer, making work during the middle of the day impossible; in winter it is bitterly cold. The mountains along the edge keep the rain clouds from reaching the interior, and the rainfall there is so slight as to be of little use to the farmers. Not much can be grown in such a place, and though wheat and corn are raised to some extent on the inland plateau to the north of the Sierras, the crop does not nearly meet the needs of the people, and flour and meal must be imported from America.

In such a mountainous country the rivers are sure to be swift streams, full of rapids and not suitable for navigation. Spain has but few that are navigable for any distance from their mouths, and this, with the lack of railroad facilities, is the reason why communication between central

Spain and the rest of the world is so difficult. With no great rivers to carry them to the coast, and with snow-capped mountains bounding their horizon, is it any wonder that the Spanish peasants of the interior are ignorant, prejudiced, and superstitious, and entirely behind the rest of the Christian world in civilization? It is said that of the nineteen million people in Spain more than half can neither read nor write.

With so few railroads, and a population made up of farmers and fruit growers, Spain has not many large cities. Madrid, the capital, is on the high central plateau with a distant view of snow-capped sierras to the south. It has about half a million people. The climate is not delightful, and people who can afford it go elsewhere during the hot summers.

A long carriage drive gives us an idea of the plan of the city. Its center is an open square, or plaza, called the Gate of the Sun because long ago the eastern gate of the city was at this place. From this plaza eight of the great streets start.

Hundreds of years ago the city was defended by a wall of brick and earth, now in ruins. It had five great gateways, three of which are still standing. We extend our drive to look at these handsome arches, which were erected as memorials by former kings.

Soon after our arrival we have the good luck to catch a glimpse of the king, riding on horseback with an escort of fine-looking officers. The king is assisted in governing by a ministry of eight members, on whom most of the responsibility for the welfare of the kingdom rests. There



Velasquez

PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE PRINCE
In the gallery at Madrid

is also a parliament, called the Cortes, which is composed of two houses, only the lower being elected by the people. The members of the upper house are usually noblemen, often having the title of grandee, a word which has come to signify great wealth and dignity.

We visit the government buildings, but the royal palace, which is older than our republic, we can see only from the outside. The armory, next south of the palace, contains the best collection of arms and armor in the world.

Most of all, we enjoy the museums and art galleries for which Madrid is famous. One of these, the royal picture gallery, is by some considered the finest in the world, it has so many paintings by the famous old Spanish artists.

From Madrid, we go toward the coast again, passing through the old city of Cordova, now called Cordoba. The present city is much smaller than the old one, which one hundred and fifty years before Christ was the seat of the chief Roman colony in Spain. The old walls enclosed much that is now cleared of ruins and used for farming. Like many another old Spanish city, Cordoba had its royal palace. This too is in ruins, except one end of it, which is used as a prison.

The old Moorish industries, the making of handsome leather, and of silver vessels, the work of cunning silver-smiths imported from Damascus, have now disappeared. The chief manufactures now are linen, silk, and woolen goods.

The great cathedral is still famous for its magnificent

pillars, originally twelve hundred in number, arranged in rows. We take our guide's word for it that there are seven hundred still standing. These are of many different kinds and colors of marble, including the rare and beautiful jasper and porphyry.

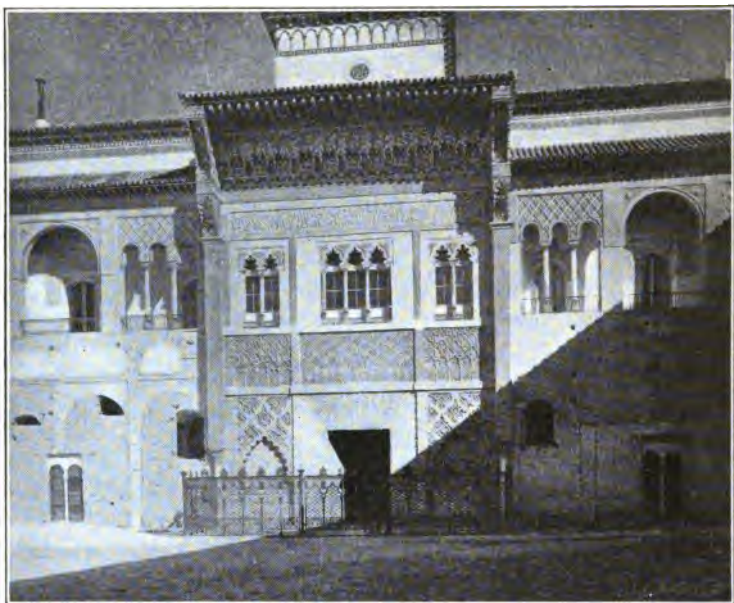
Next to Madrid, the largest city of the interior is Seville, a highly picturesque old place, containing many ancient buildings and a handsome modern commercial district. Its importance in a business way is due to the fact that it is at the head of navigation on the Guadalquivir river.

Steamers leaving the docks are loaded with tropical fruits, olive oil, quicksilver, and tobacco. Seville has long been famous for its cigars.

But to those of us who love books and pictures, and curious and beautiful things, this old city, with a history reaching back to Roman times, is chiefly interesting for its art treasures. We must not fail to visit the great cathedral, next to St. Peter's at Rome for size, and very beautiful. A famous relic of the Arabic period is the Alcazar, a palace which is much like the Alhambra. If we have time,



CATHEDRAL AT CORDOBA



THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE

we may see several other half-Moorish palaces of a later date, and churches where hang many famous paintings by old Spanish artists, especially Murillo and Velasquez, both of whom were born in Seville.

A drive takes us past most of these palaces and churches, whose outside appearance is often disappointingly plain. We get out of the carriage at the naval college founded by the son of Columbus, and take a peep at its picture gallery. We look at the great bull ring which accommodates eighteen thousand spectators; only one other in Spain, the ring at Madrid, approaches it in size. Our visit to the royal

cigar factory shows us a huge building six or seven hundred feet long and employing five thousand people, who work up two million pounds of tobacco a year.

From Seville we can escape for a while the discomforts of Spanish railroads and take a steamer down the Guadalquivir to its mouth, where the great wine port, Cadiz, is situated. There we re-embark in a larger vessel to take a trip around the coast, through the Strait of Gibraltar again, to Malaga, the point of export for the grapes, wine, and olives of the region we first visited in Spain. Without leaving our vessel except for a little walk along the wharves, we steam out of Malaga and continue our journey up the coast to Valencia and Barcelona.

Barcelona is the second city in Spain for size, and Valencia is the third. This is because they are seaports, and perhaps because they are near to France, which is a much more active, wide-awake country than Spain. At Valencia the harbor is three miles from the city itself. Figs, almonds, olives, wine, and oranges pass through this market. It is chiefly by its oranges and raisins that the name is known in America.

Barcelona, although a very old city, older indeed than the time of the Romans, seems to us more modern than any other city we have seen in Spain. The northern and eastern parts of the city were laid out in 1860, and are entirely modern, with wide streets running at right angles, quite unlike the crooked, narrow little lanes of the old city. But more important than this, the people themselves are livelier and more intelligent than elsewhere. There are many schools and colleges, and even free schools, paid for

by the Board of Trade. Two fine promenades, the Rambla and the sea wall, are full of life and pleasure.

Barcelona's exports are less than her imports. She sends away fruits, oil, silk, and wine. She receives from Spain's colonies sugar, cotton, and tobacco; from England, machinery and coal; from France, chemicals, flour, and dry goods; and from the United States, petroleum, cotton, and the staves for barrels.

There we embark again to rejoin our steamer at Gibraltar. As we come to leave Spain, it seems to us a fine country to visit, but we are very glad that we do not live there. As a rule the people are so lacking in enterprise that we are afraid if we had to stay there we might grow lazy and careless too.



ALGIERS, A HOME OF THE MOORS

SAILING swiftly eastward over the waters of the Mediterranean, we are approaching the African shore, which we shall skirt for four hundred miles before we land on it. Africa! It has been little more than a name to us until now, and the moon seemed quite as near. At least we can see that, while Africa has been only a stubby pink and green and yellow spot on a map. But now we are really to make acquaintance with this strange part of the world.

Not longer ago than 1860 maps of Africa showed a great blank space in the middle of the continent, marked *Unexplored*, for, except for a strip along the coast and in Egypt and the Cape Colonies, white men knew nothing of Africa. But that "Darkest Africa," as Stanley called it, was constantly tempting adventurous Europeans, and in the years from 1850 to 1890 expeditions sent out by various European governments for exploring purposes gradually traversed every part of that mysterious land until now it is as well mapped as North America.

It was an American, Henry M. Stanley, who made the most famous discoveries in central Africa, and as he was sent out and provided with supplies and men by the King of Belgium, a large part of the interior of Africa now belongs to Belgium. English explorers, particularly Liv-

ingstone and Baker, also made notable discoveries, and Germany and France have not been far behind in their enterprise, so that a map of Africa to-day shows principally European possessions and colonies. Of all this great continent there is but one country left which is still free from a European conqueror or protector, and that is Morocco, the farthest west of the Barbary States, and the one whose shores we saw faintly a few days ago from Gibraltar. Probably the only reason Morocco also has not been "protected" out of independent existence is that the great powers of Europe are still so jealous of each other that each is unwilling that any one of its rivals shall have the little state. That country therefore has been left alone, and in spite of a fine climate, fertile soil, great natural riches, and the fact that it is nearer to Europe than any other part of Africa, it is still so barbarous that it is scarcely safe for white people to travel in it.

But the rest of Africa has been forced ahead into civilization at an astonishing rate during the last twenty-five years. Both Tunis and Algiers are now under French rule, and Egypt is practically English, although there is a show made of keeping up a native government under the Khedive. Even the Sahara desert may one day be fertile and productive, and that day may not be far off now, since it needs only irrigation to render those barren sands fruitful. Wherever in their waste stretches a tiny spring forces its way to the surface of the ground, the date palms spread their plume-shaped leaves and green grasses encircle the shining waters. There the weary caravan rests, and the pious Arab gives thanks to the gracious Allah who has



A CARAVAN AT REST

provided this oasis amid the heat raging on the desert. The tiny watercourse does not run far, but is soon swallowed up in the dry sand; and after an hour spent in the refreshing shade of the palms the patient camels and their drivers must start on again over the burning sands, to travel perhaps three days before they again come to a glimpse of trees and water.

If it were not for these oases the Sahara would form an absolute barrier to communication between the Mediterranean shores and southern Africa. As it is, there are seven great caravan trails across the desert, which make their way from the Barbary States or Egypt to the Sudan, the belt across Africa just south of the Sahara. We must not think of these caravan routes as roads, for in the desert no road built by the hand of man would long remain. The intense heat of the Sahara causes terrific wind storms to occur frequently, when great clouds of sand are swept

along in the air, and a road would soon be obscured with drifts.

How then do caravans find their way across these thousands of miles of desert, a country four fifths as large as the United States? It seems as if it must be almost by a kind of instinct; but it is really in much the same way that a ship keeps her course across the pathless wastes of the ocean, steering by the sun and stars. The camel is called the "ship of the desert," perhaps for the reason that his course, like the ship's, is guided by the heavenly bodies.

These great caravans are very interesting sights, and we would be glad to see one just coming into Biskra in Algeria from Timbuktu, which is the greatest center of the caravan trade in the French Sudan. It may have taken a year to prepare the thousand camels which compose the caravan for their long trip; and it may have taken several years to collect their loads of ivory and gold dust, ostrich feathers and tanned hides. Perhaps in it, cleverly disguised so as to escape the notice of the French soldiers and officials, are a few slaves to be sold to wealthy Arabs in Algiers or Tunis. The civilized nations long ago prohibited any traffic in slaves, but it is still secretly carried on in spite of severe punishments, and negro children are stolen from the ignorant tribes of central Africa and brought north by these caravans.

The camels of a caravan travel in long strings; a rope fastened to the back of the saddle on the front one is fastened to the nose of the next one behind, and a similar line connects that one with the next one, and so on, until the



CAMELS OF A CARAVAN

line is sometimes over a mile long. The number of camels used in one of these desert caravans is almost unbelievable. We are told in Algiers of caravans consisting of eight or nine thousand camels which travel between Timbuktu and Biskra, or Fez, in Morocco. The rate of travel is very slow, only about two miles an hour, for though camels can travel swiftly, it is not natural to them; a camel trotting is rarely seen.

The camels must be in first-class condition for such a long journey. A superior camel can live seven days without water. Even the ordinary ones can go for three days without it, and their route between oases is so planned that as a rule they need never travel longer than that time without the opportunity to drink. But perhaps a terrible sand storm has compelled the stopping of the journey, or the leaders have missed the most direct line of travel. Then it is that the endurance of both men and beasts is tried,

and many a poor exhausted creature must be left behind to perish, while the rest of the line hurries on in its life-and-death search for the oasis. In the large caravans many extra camels must be taken along to replace those who fall by the way.

Our vessel reaches the harbor of Algiers in the night, and early in the morning we catch our first glimpse of African shores. The ship lies at anchor, moored near the small island which originally gave the name to this country. The rock which is the foundation of this island was called El Jezair by the Arabs, to whom all this north coast of Africa once belonged. It was from here that they crossed into south Spain; but they were finally driven out from there by the Christians, you will remember, while they still live here in Africa.

Like all this northern coast of Africa, Algeria was once ruled by the Romans, and under their wise government the country enjoyed great prosperity. But about the middle of the fifth century the Vandals drove them out, and afterward the Arabs ruled till Ferdinand of Spain took the country in 1505.

By this time all the natives were Mohammedans, and hated their Christian conquerors so heartily that on the death of Ferdinand in 1516 they invited a famous Turkish pirate to come and help them throw off the Spanish yoke. But when he had driven out the Spaniards, he calmly took possession of the country himself, and, fortifying the beautiful harbor of Algiers, made it the base of supply for his piratical expeditions in the Mediterranean. He is said to have employed thirty thousand Christians, whom he had

enslaved, in building the walls of Algiers. From that time until about a hundred years ago, Algeria was a nation of corsairs, feared and hated by all European sailors. Time and time again fleets were sent against the country, and the fair city of Algiers with all its mighty walls and defenses was completely destroyed. The dey, as the Algerian ruler was called, would pretend to submit and would promise that piracies should cease; and then would break his promise the moment the English or French ships sailed away. Most countries contented themselves with merely paying a large yearly tribute to these Barbary States, in return for which their ships, as a rule, were not plundered. But the payment of tribute was a bitter pill for English-speaking races to swallow, and in 1815 both the United States and England declared war on Algiers and sent powerful fleets against her, which destroyed all the piratical vessels they could find, attacked the city, and completely humbled the dey. He finally promised to let American and British vessels alone.

Whether he meant to keep his promise we cannot say, for a few years later he grossly insulted the French consul at Algiers; and France forthwith avenged the insult by conquering the country and deposing its ruler. This is the way the story runs: The dey was angry with France because some French merchants were refusing, on the ground that it was unjust, to pay a debt owed in Algeria, and the dispute had been taken into the French law courts. The dey was personally interested in the debt, and wrote the king of France demanding payment, a letter to which the king paid no attention. On a public occasion, in the

presence of many people, the dey bitterly taunted the French consul with the failure of the king to reply. The consul said haughtily, "It is beneath the dignity of a king of France to reply to a communication from the dey of Algiers." Thereupon the dey strode up to the consul and in a furious passion dealt him a severe blow in the face. This was an insult to the dignity of the French nation which could never be forgiven, and the dey paid for that blow with his throne.

It was in 1830 that France first conquered Algeria, but it was forty years and more before she could cease fighting for it. During all those years the native chiefs were constantly revolting, and the conquest of the country cost France millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives. By 1871 Algeria was at last thoroughly subdued, and since then France has been pushing her boundary lines eastward and southward, until her power is now recognized as supreme in Tunis and over a large part of the Sahara and the Sudan. On the whole, she governs the country wisely, and under her rule Algeria has made rapid strides forward in commerce and agriculture.

Algeria is the central one of the Barbary States, lying between Morocco on the west and Tunis and Tripoli on the east. Southward the boundary is the last range of the Atlas mountains, which cross the country from east to west in several parallel chains. Its people belong to many different races, eight in all. There are also many colonists from France. The greater part of the inhabitants are Berbers, who have given their name to the Barbary States; but there are also large numbers of Arabs, Moors, Turks, and

negroes. All are stanch Mohammedans, and it is difficult for the visitor to distinguish the different races, since they all dress alike and all have the dark skin and black hair and eyes characteristic of the Turks.

Most of the natives are excellent farmers, and of late years Algeria has become a market garden for France. Early vegetables and fruits are grown here and shipped on fast steamers from Algiers to Marseilles, where they are quickly transferred to express trains, arriving in Paris within thirty-six hours of the time they left Africa.

Wheat, olives, and wine are also produced extensively and shipped to France; and great cork forests, like those in Spain, contribute to the wealth of the country. Millions of sheep and goats find excellent pasturage on the high plateaus among the



A MOORISH INTERIOR, ALGIERS

Atlas mountains, and the exports of wool and hides are large. But one of the greatest sources of wealth to the country is the immense trade carried on by caravans from Biskra to the Sudan. Dates and palm oil are brought by these to Biskra and shipped from there by railroad to Algiers, where they are loaded on vessels and sent all over the world.

So you will see that the city of Algiers, though it has only about eighty thousand inhabitants, is a very busy and important place. The bay on which the city lies is nearly landlocked, and the harbor is the finest on the Mediterranean shore of Africa. Its position in the center of the north coast and exactly across from the great commercial city of Marseilles gives Algiers an advantage which no other African city has. Every day great steamers from



NATIVES LOOKING DOWN ON THE HARBOR

France arrive and depart; and ocean liners and men-of-war are as common here as fishing smacks are in most Mediterranean harbors.

On this sunny February morning the harbor is crowded with shipping.

We see not far from us a great ocean liner which is bound on a trip similar to ours; and farther off lies an American warship, floating our own beautiful stars and stripes. Great barges heaped high with coal are already being fastened to the side of our vessel, and our first sight of Arabs is when we watch them load-

ing the coal from great baskets on their shoulders into the hold of our steamer. Many of them are dressed in a single garment which seems to be simply an old bur-lap bag with a hole cut in the bottom for the head to go through and holes in the corners for the arms. All wear turbans, however, so they must be certainly Mohammedans.

We climb down into one of the little boats crowding around to take the passengers ashore, and are landed on the quay to begin our day's sightseeing. The city of Algiers, like most Mediterranean towns, is built on hillsides, but here there is a stretch of level land on the shore, covered with docks and warehouses. This is the newer part and is entirely European. After crossing it we have to mount by many flights of broad stone steps to the higher level, where the business district lies. At the top we come out upon a broad esplanade or sea wall, where we take our first picture at once; it is of an old Arab in a white burnoose, sitting on the pavement, with oranges heaped around him.

We stop to buy some fruit, and pay six cents for a dozen of the largest and finest lemons we have ever seen. Oranges are as cheap, but are not very large here. They are flat and small and have very thin skins, like those we call mandarin oranges at home. They call them tangerines here.

Then we wander along the broad Boulevard de la Republique, which curves around the water front. We might imagine ourselves in a French city if it were not for the men and women in queer costumes who keep passing us.



AN ORANGE SELLER

The women interest us most, for they are the first we have seen with their faces covered, according to the fashion required by the Mohammedan religion. Their garments are made entirely of thin white cotton material. Over the head a white shawl is draped, which comes down to the eyebrows and is held together under the chin. Below the eyes is a piece of thin white cloth which covers the rest of the face, so that the only parts of the body visible are the eyes and bridge of the nose and occasionally the finger tips, where the woman holds her mantle together. Instead of skirts they wear immensely full white trousers, six yards around the bottom of each leg, as we are told later by a French laundress. The trousers are gathered in tightly by a string at the ankle, and are so full that they look as

though they were stuffed with something to make them stand out. The little girls are dressed exactly as their mothers are, except that they sometimes have colored mantles.

The men usually wear loose white trousers and several long robes, one outside another. The favorite outside garment is the burnoose, a long gown with big sleeves and a pointed hood which can be drawn up over the turban. Most of the men are barefooted, but the women generally wear slippers, though often they have no stockings.

The part of Algiers the traveler first comes into is like any other French city, with handsome, well-built

business blocks and excellent shops. The streets are level and well paved, and are kept beautifully clean. But this



A CORNER IN ALGIERS

Showing both man's and woman's costume

is true only of the French quarter. When we walk back into the town, away from the water front, we soon come into narrow streets with flights of steep steps in them, and we know by our surroundings that we are in the Arab quarter, or, as it is called here, the Marabout quarter. The streets are more picturesque and irregular than in the French part; but they are kept clean and in comparative order by the French conquerors. We never tire of watching the crowds passing up and down under the arcades which are built over the sidewalks in almost all the streets. Often we stop to bargain in some tiny shop for souvenirs. Many curious and handsome trinkets are made and sold here, particularly small things made of mother-of-pearl, inlaid metal, and coral.

We have been warned that the prices asked are much larger than the dealers expect ultimately to get, so when the shopman says that a coral necklace is worth five francs, we offer him two and a half. He takes the offer instantly, and we know then that we have offered too much. After this we learn to drive a sharper bargain.

After luncheon at a French hotel, we take an open carriage to drive through the town and up to Mustapha Supérieur, as the heights above and back of the city are called. We ride through broad streets with electric cars running along them, past the gardens and palace of the Governor-General, and up a winding road bordered on both sides by high white walls, back of which lie handsome villas in pretty gardens. The temperature of Algiers, though extremely hot in summer, is so mild in winter that many invalids come here, just as they go to California or Florida



IN THE FRENCH QUARTER

in our own country. These villas are often rented for the winter to strangers from Europe.

On our way back from Mustapha Superieur we wind down the hills back of the town and thus have a chance to see the homes of the poorer people and some of the business streets. There are many sugar factories, and a large arsenal and cavalry barracks. The streets seem to us to be full of soldiers. France is compelled to have a large garrison here to keep the border tribes in order.

One of the pleasantest things about the city is that there are so few beggars. It is a great contrast to our experience in Madeira and in Spain, where we could not go ten steps without being dogged by them. Here in Algiers the people all seem to be busy and contented with their work.

At five o'clock we are rowed back to our ship, so tired with our day's sightseeing that we are glad to spend the evening in steamer chairs, admiring the brilliant show of the electric lights on the Boulevard de la Republique. They

are close together and so arranged at different heights that they look like great chains of stars.

In the morning we are rowed to shore in a boat named

Iamapoorman — all one word. To attract the custom of the tourists, the boats have all sorts of queer English and French names, usually misspelled.

To-day we wish to see more of the distinctly Oriental parts of the city. We are warned that it is hardly safe to go alone on foot in the Arab quarter, but we may venture in an electric car. We cannot make out from the signs on the cars just where they are going, but as they must all go somewhere and we



A STREET IN THE ARAB QUARTER

are not particular, we board one on which the word *Byrrh* is painted in great letters, thinking it is perhaps the name of some suburb. But at last we discover by seeing the

same word on a shop that it is only an advertisement for somebody's beer!

Electric cars in Algiers are very much like electric cars elsewhere, some open and some closed; but all are divided into first- and second-class compartments. The seats in the first-class ones have cushions, and smoking is forbidden there. The fare is three or five cents, according to the distance one is carried; two or four cents in the second-class compartments.

Our car zigzags up the steep hill, passing shops where all the signs are written in Hebrew, showing that we are in the Jewish quarter; then where the signs are Arabic. Higher still there are French houses again, a big French school, and a picturesque old Moorish fort.

We go to the end of the line and then walk slowly down, in order to see the people and shops better.

Children are playing happily in the streets, and we see that hopscotch and kite-flying are favorite games here as at home in the spring time. There are no newsboys, even in the modern part of the city, and we must buy our morning paper at a stationer's.

In the afternoon we go with a guide to visit the Mohammedan cemetery. Here we see two parties of hired mourners, all women, wailing at recently made graves.



NATIVES SUNNING THEMSELVES BY THE
ROAD

By four o'clock we are back on the vessel, and soon after are under way once more. The afternoon sun is lighting up the gleaming white houses enclosed in their ring of dark green foliage so beautifully that we understand well why the natives say that the city is "a diamond enclosed in an emerald." Far, far to the south, dimly seen on the horizon, rise the blue curves of the Atlas Mountains. We shall probably find those in sight even to-morrow, for we have turned to the west and are skirting the north coast of Africa, on our way to the famous harbor of Alexandria.





EGYPT, THE CHILD OF THE NILE

WHEN, on a beautiful morning, we drop anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, we have our first glimpse of the land of the pyramids and the sphinx, the home of the Pharaohs, the country of the Nile — a land which can claim the oldest civilization in the world. Many centuries before Christ, Egypt was the most highly civilized and most powerful country on the globe. Its rulers built great palaces and magnificent temples, the ruins of which are the wonder and admiration of the whole world to this day. Not so beautiful nor so graceful as the structures of the Greeks, the Egyptian temples were far more colossal than anything of which the Greeks ever dreamed. If we go up the Nile we may still see vast colonnades, long avenues of sphinxes, and gigantic granite figures of the gods, which have survived the ravages of time and the destructive armies of conquerors.

The ancient Egyptian Pharaohs, or kings, who built these temples were overthrown first by the Persians and then by the Macedonian conqueror, Alexander the Great, who founded the city on the Mediterranean which still bears his name. Egypt next fell under the rule of the Romans, who were its masters as long as the empire of Rome lasted. The Mohammedans then conquered it and converted most of the inhabitants to the Mohammedan faith, and from that time to the present day, except for a brief period when



AMONG THE COLOSSI

Napoleon conquered it and held it for France, Egypt has been nominally a part of the Turkish Empire.

In 1805 Mehemet Ali, a clever Arab who had shown great ability as a soldier, rose to the position of pasha, or governor, put to death all his enemies,

and made himself absolute master of the country. He was an able man, and under him Egypt prospered greatly. He invited Frenchmen to take various public offices, sent young Egyptians to Paris to be educated, and in every way tried to civilize and improve his people. His family has continued to rule in Egypt, and the influence of France continued strong until the extravagance of the Khedive Ismail ran the country into such enormous debts that England began to interfere in the government in order to pro-

tect the interests of her citizens in Egypt. Gradually the public debt of Egypt passed into British hands, and now England practically owns the country.

England is expert in managing the affairs of eastern nations. Egypt and India are both examples of her efficiency in government. Before we have gone a mile from Alexandria's water front, the trim, well-ordered city with its great docks and comfortable railroad trains shows us that we are in a land where English brains and English money rule.

Egypt is claimed as a part of the Turkish Empire, and the khedive of Egypt is technically under the control of the sultan of Turkey. But in actual fact, the English manage Egypt, though they allow the khedive to keep up the show of ruling the country; and the sirdar, as they call him here, Sir Eldon Gorst, is the real power. The khedive is clever enough to realize that there would be a new khedive very shortly if he did not obey suggestions from England; and the English government is clever enough to realize that the native population will obey orders from the khedive which would have to be enforced by military strength if they did not come through a native ruler.

English soldiers put down the revolts in the Sudan, and added that part of Africa to the khedive's domains only a few years ago. The Sudanese were such brave fellows that they caused the English to suffer terribly in their campaigns against them. Did you ever hear Kipling's poem about the Fuzzy-Wuzzies? That is what the British soldiers called the Sudanese negroes because of their curly hair.

"So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sudan —
You're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man!
We gives you your certificate, and if you want it signed,
We'll come and have a romp with you whenever you're inclined!"

We take a railroad ride from Alexandria to Cairo. The weather is so delightfully warm that the windows of the compartment are open, and the breeze and sunshine come in. We are at once impressed with the clear atmosphere and blue skies of Egypt.

Our way skirts for a long distance a very shallow salt-water lake, abounding in ducks. This is Lake Mareotis. It was formed by the breaking of the embankments which for centuries had kept out the sea. The British in 1811, when they were besieging Alexandria, which was then in French possession, cut the embankments, letting in the sea and destroying one hundred and fifty villages. Perhaps some day the embankments will be rebuilt and all the land reclaimed from the sea, just as Holland is.

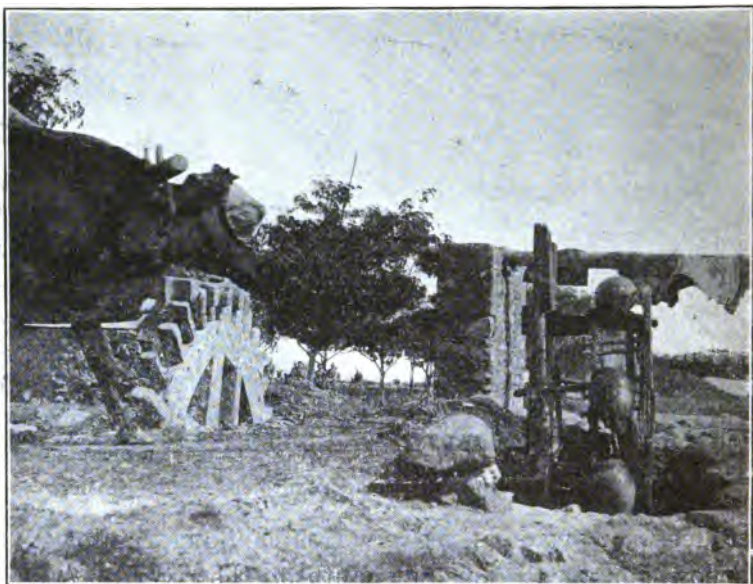
Leaving Lake Mareotis, the road follows the line of one of the great canals (Egypt is full of canals, largely for irrigation purposes), and we can watch the people at work in the fields. The land looks very fertile, and is everywhere carefully cultivated. The Nile makes Egypt; for there is almost no rain here, and all the water in the country comes from the Nile. In former times the river overflowed every year, making the whole country a vast shallow lake, some ten miles wide. When the water subsided, it left a thin crust of mud over all the land it had flooded, and in the course of centuries this layer of fertile earth deposited by the river has grown to be from thirty to fifty



AGRICULTURE IN EGYPT

feet deep. Nowadays the river is no longer allowed to overflow, for great dams far south on the river at Assuan retain the water and allow it to come down only gradually; and the immense system of reservoirs and canals, which lies like a network all over Egypt, drains off great quantities of water for irrigation purposes. Little trenches run from the canals through each field, and water to wet the soil of the fields is turned into them from the shadoofs.

A shadoof is a great wheel on which a number of jars are fastened. When the wheel is turned, the jars at the bottom of the wheel dip into the water of the canal or reservoir, and as the wheel revolves the jars come up full of water. At the top point they empty the water into a trough which leads it off into the ditches in the fields. These shadoofs are usually worked by buffaloes, who are



A SHADOOF

With a buffalo pulling the wheel

blindfolded and then trained to go round and round in a circle. Sometimes, however, we see people working them, and occasionally we see a simpler contrivance than the shadoof for the purpose of raising the water. Two buckets are slung on a rope over a pulley, and a boy dips one and then the other, pulling the rope over the pulley and deftly emptying the upper bucket into the trough as the lower one dips into the canal.

The buffaloes which turn the shadoofs are not at all the animals that we in America know by that name. They are a kind of cattle very much like our oxen, except that they



A BUFFALO AND A CAMEL

have a hump on the back above the shoulders and are a rusty black in color. They are used here in Egypt just as oxen are used in Europe or America, and we frequently see them dragging the plows or fastened to the heavy farm carts.

At Benha we catch our first glimpse of the Nile. It is rather disappointing; for we are in the delta and see only the Rosetta branch of the river. The Nile runs out into the Mediterranean by several mouths, of which the Damietta and the Rosetta are the most important. Besides this, the Nile is peculiar in being perhaps the only great river in the world which grows smaller as it flows toward its mouth, for it has absolutely no tributaries for twelve hundred miles of its length and the water is constantly being drained off for irrigation.

At Benha we cross the river and soon begin to look out the windows of the car, hoping to see the pyramids. There they are! Sharp triangles standing up against the blue sky, still some thirty miles away. As we come nearer



CAIRO

the city of Cairo, the buildings shut them off completely from sight.

Cairo is a beautiful city, much of it built recently. The part where the hotels and great shops are has broad avenues and gardens and is in most respects like any European city. But there is an old Cairo too, with narrow streets, where tiny shops are crowded together just as in the other Oriental cities we have seen. From its position, near the spot where the Nile divides into its delta, it is naturally a city of immense commercial importance. The khedive lives here, for this is the seat of the Egyptian government as well as the largest city under his rule. The English sirdar has a magnificent palace overlooking the Nile, and a large garrison is always kept here; so the streets are gay with British uniforms.

On our first morning we start for the pyramids, which



THE PYRAMIDS

is the first expedition every traveler makes from Cairo. An electric railroad runs to the pyramids of Ghizeh, but we prefer to take carriages and drive there along a beautiful road which is bordered on both sides by tall acacia trees.

The pyramids lie across the Nile from Cairo, some five miles to the west, on the extreme edge of the Libyan desert. Egypt is merely a green ribbon between two immense stretches of yellow sand, the Libyan desert, which stretches away on the western edge till it merges into the Sahara; and the Arabian desert, which lies to the east of the green band. The Nile forms a blue stripe down the middle of this ten-mile-wide ribbon, and the arable land stops at the edge of the desert just as suddenly as if it were really the edge of a ribbon.

Before coming to Egypt, most people suppose there are only three pyramids. But now we discover that there are hundreds of them, and the ones we usually see pictured

are unusual merely in being the largest. On our trip to Memphis we shall be able to count twenty pyramids in sight at one time as we ride along in the desert, and from an eminence we may see even more.

But why are there so many pyramids in Egypt — or any at all, for that matter? Among the ancient Egyptians the life after death was of far more importance than the life in this world; and for them to enjoy immortality they thought it was necessary that their bodies be preserved. So, farther back than we have any historical record, they had discovered a method of so embalming the body that, if enclosed from the air, it would last indefinitely. The embalmed body was wrapped carefully in narrow bands of linen, with sweet-scented gums, then dressed beautifully and enclosed in a wooden mummy case. The top of the case was carved to resemble a body and was decorated according to the wealth and position of the family of the dead person. A mummy case belonging to a royal family, for instance, had a gilded face. Jewels, charms, coins, and even playthings were often put into the mummy cases.

The pyramids are immense and strong tombs, erected to contain the mummies of the kings who built them, — all in vain, alas! For the greedy Arabs penetrated and rifled them of all that was of value. They did not care for the bodies of the old Egyptians, but left them exposed to the air, which soon crumbled them to dust.

This is the reason why there are so many pyramids in Egypt; but why do they differ so in size? As soon as a man became king, he began building his pyramid, and every year or so he added another layer of stones on the outside.

After his death his body was deposited in the tomb chamber in the very interior, the passage to it was walled up, and the outside of the pyramid smoothed with wedge-shaped stones and mortar or cement. As the pyramid was built of blocks of stone, it would of course present a notched appearance; but this was removed and the whole made perfect by filling in the steps. The lapse of thousands of years has slowly crumbled the mortar away for the most part, so the pyramids again present the notched and irregular appearance they did before they were finished, and it is these steps which make it possible to climb them.

You can see from what has been said that the longer the reign of the king, the larger the pyramid. King Cheops reigned over thirty years, so his is the largest pyramid. It was originally seven hundred and sixty-eight feet long at each base, but the wearing away of the mortar and the crumbling of the outside layers of stone have brought this down to seven hundred and fifty feet. The perpendicular height was four hundred and eighty-two feet, now four hundred and fifty-one feet. The height of each sloping side is now five hundred and sixty-eight feet; it was once six hundred and ten. The great reduction in size is also due partly to the fact that building stone is so scarce and expensive here that many pieces have been taken from the pyramids to build the modern city of Cairo.

The stone of which the pyramids are constructed is a kind of yellow limestone, almost exactly the color of the yellow sand that surrounds them. Some blocks are so soft that bits can be broken off and crumbled in the fingers. This is perhaps the only country in the world where monu-

ments built out of such soft stone and mortar would have lasted so long, for here there is practically no rain, and never any frost or sudden change of temperature. The rain will wear even stones away in the course of centuries, and frost will crack great rocks. But in this even, dry heat these pyramids look as though they ought to last as long as the Libyan hills they face.

All the way from Cairo we can see the two larger of the pyramids of Ghizeh looming up ahead of us, growing more imposing as we approach. But we come to them unexpectedly after all. Suddenly, as if at a line drawn with a pencil, the black, fertile land which we have been seeing on both sides of the road ends, and the yellow sand begins. Our carriage climbs a slight elevation, and there, a hundred feet before us, rises the pyramid of Cheops.

We have seen many pictures of the pyramids, but no picture can give any real idea of them. They are the most surprising structures we have ever seen. Their immensity does not strike one at once; but as we sit in a carriage at the base and watch some of our friends climb the pyramid of Cheops and grow smaller and smaller, so that finally even with the aid of strong field glasses we are unable to distinguish them, we realize something of the height.

We leave the carriage and hire donkeys brought from a Bedouin village which lies near the base of the pyramids. The inhabitants of this town from time immemorial have had the sole right to assist travelers who wish to climb the pyramids. Every one who comes near the place is



CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID

bothered with offers of guidance. The villagers swarm around the traveler like the annoying flies of this region, and come near to spoiling his pleasure. We long to get away from them so as to have a chance to look at the pyramids without hearing incessantly: "Lady, post cards! Post cards, lady!" or "I a guide, lady. I spik good English. I know all 'bout pyramid, lady. I go with you. You take me for guide. I good guide, lady. Lady, I go with



ARAB BOYS AT THE FOOT OF THE PYRAMID.

you!" or "Lady, you ride donkey! Good donkey! He name Yankee Doodle. Lady, donkey!"

The ascent of the pyramid of Cheops, which is the only one that can be climbed, is always made on the north side, where it is shady; for the heat on

the sunny side would make the exertion quite impossible for people of cooler lands. By the sloping path we climb first the large pile of debris which surrounds the base of the pyramid; then mount straight up for several steps, and walk along to the east to the corner of the pyramid; and from that point climb to the top. There is no danger in the ascent, but people who make it are usually lame for

a day or two afterward. Most of the steps are only two feet high, but a few are as much as four feet in height, and the climb is hard work. Three Arabs go along with each woman. Two go ahead and drag her up the high steps by her arms, while the third lifts her from behind.

After examining the Cheops pyramid, we walk around it on the west, down a short incline, and there, with its face toward the rising sun, lies the gigantic figure of the sphinx, hewn out of a great rock, — “living rock” as it is called, to distinguish it from quarried rock. Time and barbarous fanatics have sadly scarred the once majestic and beautiful face. The body is that of a lion, and



THE SPHINX

was not executed with the same care and skill as the head and face. The head is that of a man, wearing an old Egyptian headdress. Originally there was a beard on the face, but that has been torn away and is now in the British Museum in London. The nose has also been broken off, and part of the headdress, but all the mutilation has not succeeded in destroying a certain dignified calm with which the great monument of past ages still looks out on the world.



ON THE BACK OF THE SPHINX

The shifting sands of the desert are forever trying to bury the figure, and from time to time the body has to be dug out again, so that it seems to stand in a pit. We are fortunate enough to see it soon after an excavation, so that we even see the enormous paws of the lion, stretched out in front. Once there was a temple between these paws, but it was destroyed long since.

The figure is very large. Pictures which show how small people look in comparison give a better idea of its size than any description or figures.

The exact date when the sphinx was made is uncertain,

but it was probably somewhere about the time of the Great Pyramid, that is, about four thousand four hundred and fifty years before Christ, that is over six thousand years ago.

For a long time we sit on the sand and look into those mysterious eyes gazing out serenely over our heads toward the Nile. We understand what is meant by "the riddle of the Sphinx" when we look into that face with its tantalizing half-smile. The man who carved that great face was a philosopher surely, and his genius was as far above his time as that majestic head is above the quarreling, chattering Bedouins at its feet.

At length we reluctantly get upon our donkeys and ride back to the front of the Great Pyramid, where the carriages are waiting. Here is the usual swarm of beggars and peddlers of antiquities. Real antiquities are very rare and very valuable, but these Arabs all produce beads and scarabs and tiny figures which they warrant to be genuinely ancient and to have come out of the mummy cases. A scarab was a kind of beetle which the ancient Egyptians regarded as sacred. They were accustomed to carve small blue or green gem-stones into the likenesses of these scarabs, and these stone beetles are found with nearly all the mummies.

The mummy beads offered for sale are more apt to be genuine, for great quantities of them are frequently found with the mummies. They are tubular beads, opaque, and usually are of a blue, green, or gray color. They are not made of glass or clay but are carved out of stone. The ancient Egyptians wore many strings of them. The tiny

figures are charms or small representations of the ancient Egyptian gods, which were buried in the mummy cases. Probably none of those offered us at the pyramids are really antique, for all the objects found of late years in the mummy cases have been carefully preserved in museums.

The next day we visit an ostrich farm, which claims to be the largest in the world and to have over a thousand ostriches. It is a drive of an hour or so from Cairo, along a beautiful road, past the khedive's summer palace. There, for the first time in Egypt, we see oranges growing, with soldiers picketing the grove and eyeing travelers suspiciously.

The ostrich farm is a collection of little pens, the walls built of mud, in the form of a circle. Ostriches are native to Egypt and the desert, and thrive better here than anywhere else. They are great birds, seven or eight feet tall, with long necks and legs bare of feathers, their bodies covered with the familiar plumes. The feathers of the male bird are a rusty black, except that the end of the tail and of the wings is white; while the female is a brownish gray all over. The long thin neck and legs are a bright pink, and the bird presents a very grotesque appearance with the queer combination of color and his awkward shape. They are rather cross birds, and have to be penned up by high fences to keep them from pecking at visitors with their big, flat bills.

We see them eating. They throw the green clover stalks (alfalfa) up, and catch them cleverly in their beaks. We watch the lumps slowly traveling down their necks. The

birds are plucked perfectly bare once a year, but that is not until the very hot weather sets in, when they will not take cold if they shed their winter clothes.

We see ostriches over twenty-five years of age. These are not yet accounted old, for the ostrich is a very long-lived bird. The mother bird sits on the nest, a little hollow in the sand with perhaps a dozen eggs in it. The father bird stands near to protect her. And he does protect her in earnest. When the gate to the pen is opened he stands squarely in the entrance and kicks and pecks at the intruder.

The young ostriches are pretty little creatures, covered all over with soft brown feathers, speckled with black and white. We see some seven days old that are about as large as a good sized hen, though of course not at all that shape. The eggs are about seven inches long, and weigh several pounds; the shell is so thick that the natives carve designs on them.

We pass a Bedouin encampment, with two big spreading tents and many horses, donkeys, and camels picketed about. The remarkable thing there is a baby camel, pure white in color, and covered with a soft wool much like a little lamb's. We cannot find out how old it is, but it is about the size of a pony and is far more graceful than a grown camel.

Another day we go up the Nile some twelve miles by a little steamer, to visit the ruins of the ancient city of Memphis, and take a ride into the desert to see some tombs which have been recently unearthed. We do not find the trip on the Nile as interesting as we had expected, for



IN A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT

the river itself is a dirty mud color, and its banks are so flat that there is little to see. Great fields of alfalfa and okra stretch along the shores, varied occasionally by a tiny village, shaded by a small grove of the graceful date palms.

The Nile villages are curious little clusters of mud huts, around a small mosque which is the only substantial building in the place. The people live in hovels made of bricks of mud dried in the sun, built sometimes in the shape of a cone, quite open at the top; or sometimes they are built in rectangular form with a roof made of hay, manure, or brush. They are the most miserable excuses for houses one can imagine. A good drenching rain storm would



A NILE VILLAGE

wash them all away, but there is little danger of anything so unusual in this climate.

A Nile village from a distance looks picturesque because of its tall and graceful palms. The young trees are merely a bunch of feather-like leaves springing up out of the ground, but the old ones reach a height sometimes of seventy or eighty feet. The trunks are perfectly bare and straight, without branches, terminating at the top in a bunch of long leaves. The dates are borne at the very top and are gathered in the fall.

During one month of the year the Nile is a peculiar green, caused by the vegetable matter it brings down from the upper part of its course. This is the origin of the phrase "Nile green." Ordinarily the river is rather muddy. Its



ALONG THE NILE

current is very swift, and the stream is so broad in the lower part of its course that the larger boats use sails. These boats are called felukas. They are low and broad, with curved bottoms, and are rigged with what are called lateen sails. The mast is short, and there is a long, tapering yard to which is attached a triangular sail. This peculiar rigging is necessary so that they can carry large sails and still go under the low bridges which span the Nile every few miles.

By twelve o'clock we have reached our landing place and are mounted on donkey back for our six-mile ride into the desert. We find donkeys named Yankee Doodle as common here as at the pyramids. The average donkey man knows about six English words and his only adjective

is "good." However, he feels that the occasion requires constant conversation, and this is the way it runs: "Good lady! Dis good donkey! Donkey Jusuf! Good Hassan (pointing to himself)! Good donkey! Good lady give good backsheesh! Good Hassan! Good donkey!" and so on, a thousand times over. He trots along just behind the donkey, and prods him with a sharp stick to make him go faster.

After traveling through a large native village, we find ourselves in a grove of palm trees which shade two mammoth statues of Rameses

II, the Egyptian king who is referred to in the Bible under the name of Pharaoh. He was a most energetic builder, and many of the great temples still standing he built, about thirteen hundred years before Christ. The statues we see here are twenty-five and forty-two feet in height. Both are lying on the ground on their backs, and are minus the legs from the knees down. Other parts are somewhat broken; but the face of the larger one is still perfect and shows that the ancient Egyptians were a pleasant-looking people.



THE DONKEY MAN

We pass by the ruins of Memphis, once one of the largest and most prosperous cities in the world. Now it is hard even to find the ruins. The Nile mud has covered most of them, and we see only a few acres covered with confused masses of great stones. Near the edge of the road lies a fragment of a granite statue which is wonderfully perfect; the head of a young and pretty girl, wearing the tall peaked cap a princess might have. Our donkeys carefully step over it, but the donkey drivers calmly step on the beautiful face. We wonder if it may be the face of Bent-Amat, the favorite daughter of King Rameses, who died while she was still a girl.

An hour's riding through the fertile belt of land where men are at work both harvesting and planting, brings us to a final large canal, and almost at once beyond its embankment begins the desert; yellow sand, stretching away in undulating hills to the horizon, hot, dry, barren. The sun is shining brightly, and the heat and glare from the sand are so great that only a few miles of travel wears us out completely. We meet a string of Bedouins and camels slowly wending their way through it, starting on a journey to the east, straight across the desert. How do they endure it, day after day, and week after week? The air fairly quivers with the intense heat, and the wind blows fiercely. It carries sand with it, and throws it in our faces, cutting them like a stinging blast of sleet. We can well understand now why they must dig to find the ancient temples or tombs which were situated on the edge of the desert and are buried deep by centuries of these sandstorms.



THE STEP PYRAMID

Here in the desert we see the step pyramid, probably the oldest monument in the world; several handsome tombs, consisting of many chambers, the walls of which are elaborately decorated with pictures representing the achievements of the dead man, and his numerous slaves at their work; and finally the great Serapeum, where for many centuries the sacred bulls of Egypt were buried with great pomp and ceremony. They were embalmed and put in enormous granite coffins. Then the coffins were put into caverns hewn out of the solid rock, and the opening of the cavern was walled up. It is all underground, and we are obliged to go around with tiny candles. What an immense labor it must have been to hew all these underground chambers out of solid rock without the aid of gunpowder or dynamite!

Let us now for a little rest stay quietly at our hotel in Cairo. We find a morning on the verandah about as interesting as going anywhere. Our hotel is a huge building nearly a block square, fronting the Ezbekieh Garden, which is called the center of the town. There are many good hotels in Cairo, for it is a favorite winter resort, especially for English and Americans, and in the season, that is from December to April, thousands of visitors arrive every week. Like most of the hotels ours has a large roofless verandah running along the front, where people may sit and watch the ever-changing life that passes in the broad street below. Everything is new and entertaining — the street venders, the water carriers, the handsome carriages with outriders, the tumblers, the funerals (we count seven passing in one morning), the dancing monkeys, the jugglers, and the native omnibuses, a kind of buckboard loaded down with natives and drawn by one donkey. The street venders are not allowed up on the verandah, but they walk along in front and try to entice every one who sits there to buy something. And generally before the morning is over they succeed in coaxing a few piasters out of our pockets.

If we sit long enough, everything of interest in Cairo passes. About half-past nine the khedive drives past, going to prayers. First come a few soldiers on horseback, then ten runners, and then the royal carriage, an open victoria with the khedive sitting in it, lifting his fez to the American and English ladies on the verandah. He is a pleasant-looking man, dressed, except for his fez, in European clothes.

We often notice the runners, or *sais*, who go in front of the carriages of dignitaries here. They are dressed in full white linen trousers gathered in at the knee, white linen blouses, and a beautiful sleeveless red jacket handsomely embroidered in gold braid. They wear the red fez, with a long black silk tassel which hangs down nearly to the waist. In his right hand each carries a black rod, some five feet long. They wear no shoes and their brown legs are bare from the knee down. Two of them run in front of a carriage, keeping just about twenty feet in front of the horses. They run



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RUNNERS

as fast as the horses can trot, and are trained to keep it up, mile after mile, though it seems hardly possible. They are supposed to clear the way for the carriage, and are a survival of the time when carriages had to squeeze their way through crowded streets and it was necessary to send some one ahead to get the people out of the way. But nowadays they are of no use at all, and it is hard



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AN EGYPTIAN BRIDE GOING TO HER NEW HOME

to understand why any humane person should keep up such a cruel custom. For human beings were not made to run steadily in any such fashion, and it is said these *sais* live only five or six years after they begin this work and then drop dead some day from enlargement of the heart.

Perhaps the next thing that comes along the street, besides the never-ending string of carriages, donkeys, camels, and people, is a wedding procession. First come the musicians, mounted on camels if the bride's father is rich enough to pay for them, blowing a curious flute and pounding on drums. Then follow the friends of the bride, and a number of young girls wearing white veils. The bride rides in a carriage fairly covered with bright velvet which

is gorgeously embroidered in gold. The windows of the carriage are carefully shuttered or curtained, for no one must see the bride until the husband welcomes her to his house. She wears on her head a small pasteboard crown, we are told, and is dressed in an elaborately embroidered robe. After her carriage follow other musicians, playing the weird Arabic music.

The house of a girl who is to be married is decorated for a month before the ceremony with dozens of gay red and yellow flags, which are taken down when she leaves her father's home. She is usually only what we should call a little girl, somewhere from ten to fourteen years of age. In hot climates people grow old faster than in the temperate countries, and these Egyptian women are old and wrinkled by the time they are twenty-five.

After the excitement of the marriage procession, we watch the water carrier who marches back and forth in front of the hotel. On his back he carries a great jar bound by wickerwork, and in his hand two brass cups without handles which he continually chinks together. A native gives him a small coin worth half a cent, and by leaning forward he skillfully fills a cup from the jar on his back. Sometimes we see a man carrying water in a goatskin, which looks very much like the real animal, for the hair is left on the skin and the water within fills the shape out. Water carriers of that kind are more common in the poorer parts of the town.

Here come the snake charmers! They are allowed to come up on the verandah, and we pull our chairs back in a circle, somewhat afraid of the snakes, even though we

are assured that they will not hurt us. The snake charmers are supposed to be from India, and are dressed in the white cotton trousers and great white turbans they wear there. One of them has a curious pipe, the music of which evidently attracts the snakes greatly. They climb out of their



A SNAKE CHARMER

flat basket and begin to crawl around as soon as they hear it. They are supposed to be cobras, a very venomous snake, but the men who exhibit them handle them as fearlessly as if they were kittens.

Before the snakes have departed, two tiny acrobats appear on the verandah floor, turning handsprings from one end to the other before the waiters can catch them and drop them down on to the pavement outside. And while we are watching their antics, a juggler begins throwing up knives and catching them in his mouth. And so the morning goes, the restless crowd forever surging past us on the street, and something interesting happening every moment.

Cairo is full of the strangest contrasts imaginable. Here is a handsome, modern street, wide, clean, well-shaded, lined with beautiful houses with pretty gardens around them. Not far away is a tiny narrow alley, with nothing but tumble-down mud hovels along it. Here passes a string of camels with their riders, and just behind them, ringing its gong to urge them out of its way, comes an electric car.



ON A CAIRO STREET

Everywhere we find the highest modern civilization rubbing up against relics of barbarism. The English officer, precise, in spotless uniform, ruddy with good health and irreproachably neat, is jostled on the street by a filthy Arab in greasy turban and long blue gown, who is perhaps kneeling down in obedience to the summons to prayer, turning his face toward Mecca and striking his forehead on the ground as he bows in reverence to Allah.

We find the great bridge over the Nile another center of interest for us. It is made an imposing structure by the great stone lions which seem to stand guard for England's interests at either end, raised high on their pedestals so that they may see everything that comes near. Twice a day the bridge is opened for an hour to allow the passage



THE GREAT NILE BRIDGE

of vessels, and as the time for the opening approaches, crowds of white-sailed felukas can be seen, tacking back and forth across the river, waiting for the chance to pass. Across the bridge goes a continuous string of people, animals, and vehicles. Here is a smartly uniformed British orderly, leading his master's horses, blanketed entirely except legs and eyes. Next is a string of camels, just in from the Nubian desert, ridden by grizzled old Bedouins, their heads swathed in thick hoods. Next comes a string of donkeys, bearing loads of green alfalfa much larger than they are. And so it goes all day, Egyptian peasant, English officer, foreign prince — every one who comes to Cairo must pass through this great artery of Cairene life.



THE CITADEL

A long drive to the eastern part of Cairo takes us to the old citadel and to the most beautiful mosque in the city, that of Mehemet Ali. The citadel is situated at the extreme edge of the city, just where the land begins to rise toward the Mokattam Hills; beyond it, the desert begins. Here we have a fine view of the city. It was into this citadel that Mehemet Ali, the great-grandfather of the present khedive and the founder of the present Egyptian royal family, enticed some four hundred and seventy chiefs of the Mamelukes, and murdered them, all except one. That one was only a boy; but with wonderful courage he made his horse leap from the walls, and almost by a miracle, escaped with his life. For this Mehemet, admiring his great daring, pardoned him.

We admire the beautiful mosque which Mehemet began and his son finished in memory of him; and we stop a few



PULPIT IN THE MOSQUE OF MEHEMET ALI

moments before his tomb. The mosque is incrustated with yellow alabaster, and the tiling inside is wonderfully beautiful. On its floors are the largest and handsomest Turkish rugs we have ever seen, some of them thirty feet square. They were presented to the mosque by the present khedive. The royal family keeps the mosque in repair and gives it many rich gifts.

One day we devote to seeing the Island of Roda and Old Cairo. The island, which lies opposite the city, in the Nile, is reached by a ferry boat poled by natives, and we are conducted through gardens to the south end, where stands the famous Nilometer, a contrivance for measuring the height of the Nile River. It is a pillar of stone marked with ancient Arabian measures, standing in a square well. The duty of measuring the height of the water and announcing it is entrusted to a native shekh, or chief. When

the water reaches the height of about twenty-eight feet he proclaims the Wefa, which means that the water is sufficiently high to irrigate every part of the Nile valley. This usually takes place early in August, and is the signal for a great popular merrymaking. In ancient times the rate of taxation for the year was determined by the height of the Nile as shown by the Nilometer; so that the office of the shekh used to be one of much importance. There was once a time in the eleventh century when for seven years the Nile did not rise. That meant seven years of famine and pestilence for Egypt. The population was reduced to one half its previous numbers, and in some provinces all perished. This story shows how truly the Nile is the life of Egypt.

Old Cairo is a part of the city inhabited largely by the Copts, who are probably the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Most of those we call Egyptians now are of mixed blood, largely Arabian, and are Mohammedans, while the Copts have a Christian faith and a very ancient form of worship. They are fairer in complexion than the ordinary Egyptian, and more intelligent; so they are employed largely in the more difficult handicrafts or as clerks. They claim that theirs is the most ancient form of Christianity, and the Coptic church we are taken to visit in Old Cairo is built over a cave in which they say Mary and the Christ child lived during their stay in Egypt. The church is certainly a very old one and is quite different from any other kind of church. Men and women worship apart from each other, shut off by screens of latticework, and the sanctuary where the service goes on is divided

from the rest of the church by heavy screens. The walls are covered with crutches hung on pegs, and our dragoman tells us that these are used by the worshipers during the service. There are no seats, and as the service is three

hours long, the worshipers are allowed to prop themselves up with crutches to keep from falling down from exhaustion.



A STREET IN OLD CAIRO

We now make our first visit to the bazaars of Old Cairo, which are world-famous. Their arrangement is like that of Oriental cities. Here is a whole block of tiny stores, which sell nothing but shoes. The next patch of shops has only silk perhaps; the next,

hammered brass; the next, jewelry; and so on for a mile or so. All sorts of pretty and odd trinkets may be obtained here — after the usual amount of bargaining.

Another morning we devote to walking up and down the Musky, which is the great modern business street of Cairo. Here are large shops much like those in any European city, and we may see an Egyptian woman, with her heavy black

veil covering all her face except her eyes, and carrying her baby astride of her shoulder, flattening her face against a plate glass window and gazing at the Parisian hats displayed inside. It is only another of Cairo's strange contrasts. We may spend weeks in this queer, gay city and not exhaust all its interesting sights.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet," says Kipling. But Cairo seems to prove this wrong; for here East and West and North and South all meet and mingle and are happy during the few winter months at least. There comes a time when sunny days in Cairo are just a bit too sunny, and a temperature of ninety-five degrees at noon is rather warmer than is pleasant. Then we suddenly become aware that Egypt is a hot country, not far from the equator, and we remember that we are from the north, where the crocuses are just beginning to push up through the frosty earth. And so we reluctantly say good-bye to this fascinating place and turn our faces eastward to visit the Holy Land.





JERUSALEM

ASIATIC TURKEY, THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE

I. JERUSALEM

BACK on the ship once more, we are steaming eastward to make a visit to the sultan's Asiatic possessions. Between the Black Sea on the north, the Ægean Sea on the west, and a broad arm of the Mediterranean Sea on the south, is a great peninsula which in ancient times was called Asia Minor, "Little Asia." Along its west coast, indented by many bays and inlets, lie numberless tiny islands, and not a few large ones too. Once the Greeks had many large and rich cities along this coast, but they were conquered first by the Persians, later by the Romans, and last by the

Turks; and now it is sometimes difficult to find even the places where those great cities stood, so completely have they been destroyed. The coast has been gradually building itself outward, and places that were once famous sea-ports are now miles inland, only piles of ruins in the midst of desolate sands.

This district is known as the Levant, which signifies "the land of the rising sun." Landing at Jaffa, we are to travel by rail to Jerusalem, to stay in Palestine for a week or two, and visit the places where Christ lived nearly twenty centuries ago.

We anchor at Jaffa; not in the harbor of Jaffa, for there is no harbor here; only a line of jagged rocks running out into the sea, forming a kind of natural breakwater. Only small boats can get through them to the quieter water lying between them and the land; therefore our great vessel must stop a mile or so out at sea.

Great rowboats which hold twenty-five persons are to take us ashore. They are rowed by four stout men, two of whom stand at each end of the boat, while a fifth one directs them and sings a sort of chant to keep them rowing in time. "Ahlah-lah-lah-lee!" he sings in a fine tenor voice, and "Ah-lee!" the rowers reply, as they lift their oars from the water. The boatmen of Jaffa have need to be skillful, for when the sea is rough, the passage between these rocks is dangerous, and at all times it is difficult. We are in luck to get through easily, and are soon toiling up a crooked, dirty, and hot street to carriages which will take us to the depot.

Jaffa was the ancient Joppa, often mentioned in the



JAFFA FROM THE HARBOR

Bible. Then, as now, it was the port for Jerusalem. When the crusaders came here to Palestine to win back the Holy Land from the Turks, it was at this point that they landed. The town has been repeatedly fortified, but it is now merely a cluster of low stone houses, and is of importance only because all who travel by rail to Jerusalem must pass through it.

A good railroad, built by French enterprise, runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The distance is only about fifty miles, but the road must climb about twenty-five hundred feet from the sea level, so the trains make but slow time. We board the train, which consists of cars rather smaller than our smallest street cars, and not nearly so comfortable.

Trains in Palestine are almost as late in starting as Spanish trains; and while we are waiting we are entertained by streams of natives in long blue cotton robes who are anxious to sell us oranges and little knit bags, or to change our gold coins into Turkish money. The little bags are knit by the women, whom we see sitting in a long row against the fences near the tracks. They are greatly interested in us, but being Turkish women, do not offer to come near. The little bags have the word Jaffa knit into them in large letters, both the F's turned backward.

But did you ever dream of such oranges! Larger than any we have ever seen, so delicious, and so absurdly cheap! Peck baskets are offered for sale at sixpence, and we buy one. There are twenty-eight oranges in it.

After a long, long wait, an old fellow in trousers so full that they might be taken for a petticoat, runs the length of the train and rings a dinner bell. Then some one leans out of the station window and blows a whistle. The engine gives a toot, and at last we are off, nearly an hour behind time.

We soon understand why oranges are so cheap. We pass through miles of orange orchards, the trees fairly breaking down under the golden fruit. This district is called the Vale of Sharon, and the soil is so rich that several crops a year can be grown on it. Here we see men plowing, with a camel to drag the plow, and in the next field a crop of vegetables is already in full bearing. The fields are divided from each other by hedges of gigantic prickly pears, sometimes ten or twelve feet high.

But the flowers! They are surely the prettiest in the

world. We see great red poppies, yellow daisies and buttercups, blue lobelia and phlox, and a white flower like a small narcissus. The blue and white flowers sometimes grow over such large areas and so closely together that we think we see water ahead, only to have it resolve itself into tiny blossoms as the train reaches the place. The poppies look larger and darker than the poppies we have in America, and when we finally pick a bunch of them we find they are not poppies at all but belong to the buttercup family. The fields are as red with them as though blood were spilled in great patches. We are told they are the roses of Sharon referred to in the Bible, but as we are afterward told the same thing about several other flowers we doubt the truth of the statement; for we find the guides consider it more important to be interesting than to be truthful.

The plain of Sharon was the scene of several of the great battles of the crusaders against the Turks. Our train passes through the town of Ramleh, where Saladin, the great Turkish sultan, was defeated. There are still a few ruins left from those times, but otherwise Ramleh is only a huddle of tiny stone and mud huts.

Ahead of us stretch the mountains of Judæa, great masses of limestone, absolutely bare of vegetation. The last half of our journey is through them, and we travel many miles without seeing any signs of human life. We are shown the cave where Samson dwelt, high up on the mountain side; and the tomb of Samson is on the top of one of these mountain heights. As we approach Jerusalem, the rocky slopes have been terraced and attempts have



ONE OF THE GATES OF JERUSALEM

been made to cultivate them, but there is almost no soil. At one of the stations the natives offer for sale great radishes, a foot and a half long and two inches thick. We wonder where they found earth enough to grow in.

The Jerusalem station is outside the walls of the city, and we have to drive up the steep hillside to enter the Damascus Gate. The wall around Jerusalem is still in fairly good preservation. Its foundations probably date from the time of Solomon, but the wall now standing was built about the year 1500. It is made of blocks of yellow limestone, and its battlemented top, arched gates, and towers give the city a very picturesque appearance.

Jerusalem stands on two hills, Mt. Zion and Mt. Moriah. The valley between has been gradually filled up, and is hardly noticeable now. The elevation above the Mediterranean is nearly twenty-six hundred feet, quite enough to make a decided difference in temperature, as we perceive immediately.

Our stopping place is the Austrian Hospice, a stone building intended to shelter Austrians who come as pilgrims to the Holy Land. But the good monks and nuns



JEWS OF JERUSALEM

who manage the hospice are willing to extend their hospitality sometimes to travelers who cannot find rooms in the small hotels of the town. Several of the European countries maintain these hospices in Jerusalem. Some of them are very large buildings, capable of accommodating a hundred guests.

The population of the city is estimated to be only about forty-three thousand, consisting principally of Jews, Mohammedans, Greeks, and Armenians; but the shifting population is very great. The large Russian Hospice is al-

ways crowded with guests, as is every French and German *pilgerhaus*.

Jerusalem began to be a resort for pilgrims as early as 400 A. D., while the city was still in the hands of the Romans. Scarcely any city in the world has passed through so many varied and disastrous experiences as Jerusalem. It was founded by King David, and grew to a position of great importance and wealth by the time of Solomon. Egyptians, Assyrians, and Babylonians in turn took the city and pillaged it. Several times it was destroyed, but was rebuilt each time. The Romans took it in 63 B. C., and held it until the Moslems took it from them in 637 A. D., although the Jews fought stoutly for their independence in a great revolt in 70 A. D. So fierce was the conflict at that time that when the storm of war had passed, Jerusalem was nothing but a heap of stones. All the Jews were put to death or sold as slaves. Later they were allowed to return to their ancient home, but their valiant spirit was unquenched and they took up arms against Rome and were again exiled.

When the Turks took the city, they treated the Christian pilgrims with great cruelty. Partly as a result of this, the crusades were organized in the twelfth century, to rescue the home of Christ from the hands of the heathen. The crusades were great military expeditions from all the Christian countries of Europe. Even kings took part in them, and untold numbers of lives were lost in the vain attempt to keep the Holy City under Christian control. The city was taken by the crusaders, it is true, and it was they who built the battlemented wall now surrounding it.

But they could not hold it, and after centuries of struggle and siege, the Turks regained it in 1517 and have held it ever since. Treaties with European nations require that the relics in it be carefully preserved and that all people be allowed to come freely to the city.

Everything in Jerusalem is built of yellow limestone, for wood is very scarce and expensive. All the floors in the hospice are of stone, and the partitions between the rooms and the vaulted ceilings are of stone. Our rooms are of magnificent dimensions — twenty-five feet long and nearly as high. When it rains, as it does a great deal at this season, the dampness drips off the stone walls. If we ever “dreamt we dwelt in marble halls,” our dream has come true, very much to our discomfort, for there is no provision made for heating the building. A tiny stove, warmed by a smouldering fire of grape vine roots, the earth still clinging to them, has no effect on the general atmosphere of such vast rooms.

Through the middle of the building runs a long marble corridor and along the top of it is a frieze made of the coats of arms of the famous Austrians who have stayed in this hospice. The Austrian emperor was here a few years ago, and one of our party occupies the great vaulted room in which he slept.

Morning's bright sunshine tempts us out early, for we are to explore the famous old city to-day. Our hospice is on a corner of the Via Dolorosa, along which Christ passed, bearing his cross to Calvary. It is one of the straightest and widest streets in the city, and along it on Friday of each week passes a procession of all the Greek



A JERUSALEM TIN MERCHANT

and Roman Catholic pilgrims in the city, on their way to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is built above the supposed site of the tomb of Christ.

The largest street in the city is the Street of David, and along it are situated the few hotels and shops which the city boasts. Here we buy rosaries of mother-of-pearl, candlesticks of olive wood, and silver pins made in the shape of the crusaders' cross, as souvenirs of our visit. Best of all, we find a shop kept by a man from Maine, whose mother lives with him and bakes American cakes and cookies. Nothing offered for sale on the Street of David is so sure of attracting our money as these simple American sweets.

Jerusalem is but a small town, and a few minutes' walk through its dirty, narrow streets will take us to any of the many places of interest in the city. We begin with the great sacred enclosure of the Mohammedans. Within its walls is the place where Solomon's Temple once stood, and here we know Christ came many times to worship. Here also is the place where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac in sacrifice when his hand was stayed by God's command; and here, say the Mohammedans, Mohammed was miraculously brought on his way to heaven.

The chief building in the enclosure is the Mosque of Omar, built over a great rock, on which doubtless sacrifices were once offered. At the door we must stop and allow great yellow leather slippers to be put on over our shoes, and we go shuffling and stumbling around, carefully watched by our guides lest we lose a slipper and profane the sacred building by our unclean feet. Inside we find a

high, latticed screen built around the rock. We must peer through its small holes to see the sacred stone. Our Mohammedan guide tells us that it was from this spot that Mohammed rose to heaven, and the stone was so attracted by his sacred presence that it started to follow him. (Here he calls our attention to the fact that it stands some feet above the surrounding earth.) But the Angel Gabriel, he goes on to say, put out his hand and stopped the rock, and in proof of this he shows us the finger prints of the angel, five great indentations in the rock at such distances from each other that the Angel Gabriel must have had a hand some six feet across if those are the marks of his fingers!

The mosque is of great beauty, its walls faced with various colored marbles, and its great dome supported by a drum with richly colored stained-glass windows in it. The floors are covered with costly Turkish rugs, and the tiling is a dainty blue and white. The dome is made of cedar brought from Mt. Lebanon, and many of the supporting pillars are said to have been taken from Solomon's Temple.

By one pillar crouches an old Mohammedan who begs for coins. Our guide tells us that he is sitting by the spot where some silver nails were drawn from their places to follow Mohammed to heaven, and that if we will give the old man a silver coin he will touch the holes with it and then we too will be sure to go to heaven. We hand over a sixpence, which the old fellow touches to the floor and then waves upward, saying to us, "To heaven! To heaven!" It is an easy matter to make sure of entering the Mohammedan heaven. In another mosque we are shown two pillars placed close to each other and are told

that if any one goes between them, he will be sure to go to heaven. But strong spikes are placed between so that no Christian may thus squeeze his way into heaven. And in this sacred enclosure of the Mohammedans, in which the Mosque of Omar stands, we are shown an ancient gate called the Golden Gate, through which Christ must have



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS

passed, and which the Mohammedans have walled up because they believe that any one who passes through it is sure to go to heaven.

Before we leave the enclosure, the Wailing Place of the Jews is pointed out to us. This is a part of the ancient wall which probably belonged to Solomon's Temple, and every Friday the Jews come here to weep and wail over the lost

glory of their nation. The Mohammedans will not allow them to enter the sacred enclosure, so they must stand outside the wall to mourn the fall of Jerusalem.

A fine cold rain is now falling, and we have a chance

to find how disagreeable these narrow, dirty streets can be. A thin yellow mud covers all the stone pavings; clothes and shoes are soon plastered with it. There are no sidewalks, and we plod along the middle of the road, wishing that we too were barefoot like the natives who jostle us at every turn.

We pass some of the Russian pilgrims who have lately arrived, sitting stolidly at the side of the street, the rain slowly soaking through their heavy woolen coats. Three hundred of these pilgrims arrived yesterday, having walked all the weary miles from central Russia. They are peasants, and this journey consumes the savings of a lifetime perhaps, besides representing untold hardships and weariness on the way; but it is a journey which every devout Greek Catholic longs to make, no matter at what cost. They are very picturesque figures in this town of strangely mingled folk, with their pale, worn faces and long shaggy beards and hair. They wear all the clothes they possess, so that the women look like animated bundles of woolen skirts and big jackets. Bright handkerchiefs shield their heads, while the men have great fur caps and full-skirted, long overcoats. Both men and women wear heavy boots, or carry them under their arms while walking barefoot. There are so many of them that they cannot be accommodated in the Russian Hospice and must camp out. One article which almost every woman carries is a tea kettle. The Russians are extravagantly fond of tea, and almost live on tea and black bread.

After dinner, we start on another ramble through the city, this time on donkey back. To most of us this is a

new experience, and we are very much afraid either of falling off when the donkey trots too fast and jolts us up and down, or of being scraped off against the stone walls when the little beast turns a sharp corner. The dragoman shakes with laughter at our fears, and teaches us two words of Arabic which he says the donkey will understand — *yell-oh*, meaning “go ahead faster,” and *swey-yeh*, meaning “slowly,” or “go more slowly.” But alas! we forget to ask him how to say “stop!” and nothing short of falling off will stop these Jerusalem donkeys when they get started. We soon leave the walkers far behind and seem to be hopelessly lost in the dark, winding streets.

But the donkeys are as intelligent as they are quick. Here we are at the foot of a steep street, built in broad steps some six feet across. Up it we go, for a donkey will attempt any stairs wide enough for him to get all four of his tiny feet on at once. At the top is a narrow archway, so low that we lean over to escape having our heads knocked off; and then suddenly the clever little beast stops and we find we are in the square in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, just where we wanted to go.

St. Helena, the mother of the first Christian Roman emperor, is said to have founded this church, but the oldest parts now standing were probably built in the time of the crusaders. The interior we find to be dark and tawdry. We are shown the reported sites of many of the events told of in the story of the crucifixion. The most important is the stone covering the Holy Sepulcher and the spot on which the cross was raised. It is necessary to go around

with a lighted taper, for much of the church is in the form of caves or underground passages in the rock, and the building is lighted only by a few slits in the walls and by miserable little lamps, which are tiny wicks floating in dishes of oil.

There are twenty separate chapels in this vast and rambling structure, belonging to various churches or occupied by them in turn. The Turkish government appoints guardians for the church, who receive the money demanded for admission and preserve order among the rival sects who worship here. Services are going on in

several different parts of the church in as many different languages at the same time, and we see again the Russian pilgrims, who are worshiping in the Greek Catholic chapel. As we leave the church, they are coming out by another door, a long procession, marching two by two. Each bears a lighted taper and is singing a chant as he emerges from



THE HOLY SEPULCHER



WOMEN AT A WELL IN THE HOLY LAND

the church door into the open square in front, which is crowded with peddlers, sellers of relics and rosaries, donkeys, camels, and a great throng of people who must be as interesting and strange to these peasants as to us. But they never cast a glance to left or right, pay no attention to the motley crowd, and march to their *pilger-haus*, absorbed in religious ecstasy. The sound of the chant grows fainter and fainter in the distance, until it is drowned in the hum of the busy throng around us, who are clamoring for us to buy all sorts of ridiculous pretended relics.

Brilliant sunshine enlivens our drive to Bethlehem. A fine road runs there, passing several famous places on the way, the Tomb of Rachel, the Well of David, and a little beyond the town, the Pools of Solomon. In this land, so dry and barren in the summer, a king could do nothing better for his people than to enclose a spring of water in a great basin so that it might never dry up in the hot weather. These Pools of Solomon are of this description,

and are said to be the earliest example of the use of water for irrigation purposes.

The most interesting feature of the landscape here we find to be the camels, perhaps because they are so plentiful. We have seen them before at Cairo, but here they are as common as sparrows. On the road to Bethlehem long processions of them pass us, an old man leading the first camel by a rope, and the whole line fastened together tandem by a rope attached to the back of one saddle and the nose of the next camel. Any number up to fourteen is thus led, with perhaps a small boy bringing up the rear to help in turning them aside when a carriage demands most of the road. They go very slowly indeed, and seem very much bored and decidedly tired of life. They have a supercilious air, holding their noses high, just as if they were trying to keep eyeglasses balanced on them. Most of them are very untidy-looking beasts. Their hides look like dirty, moth-eaten, old buffalo robes more than anything else.

The road leads over high ground, giving beautiful views of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. The land is very stony and sterile. Only the most patient labor can raise anything in such wretched soil, yet every inch seems to be under cultivation. The fields are so tiny as to seem like flower gardens rather than farms, and a part of the stones in which the land abounds is used in terracing the hills and dividing the fields off by stone walls. Often we see little stone towers where the owners of the fields come to watch their crops in harvest time to prevent robbery. The Turkish soldiers watch from these towers too, to see



HARVEST IN THE HOLY LAND

that the owners do not steal their own harvests. A tenth of all that the farmer raises must go to the government to pay his taxes, and it is the duty of the soldiers to watch carefully and see that the sultan is not cheated. We cannot see any crops that seem valuable to us. A few twisted old olive or fig trees there are, with ropes of grapevines trained between them; and vegetable patches show green occasionally. This is the height of the season for cauliflowers here, and such immense ones we have never seen anywhere else. The stalks are two feet long and the cauliflower itself is nearly that in diameter. They are cooked in every possible way at our hospice; even the stalks are accounted a great delicacy, and are served dressed with vinegar, like a salad.

There are yellow buttercups and wild mustard and tiny dandelions in the fields, and prettiest of all, a small

pale blue hyacinth, growing a little like our American lily of the valley.

Our carriage turns out of the main road, and suddenly, before we have seen it at all, we are driving through the narrow, steep, twisting lanes of the town of Bethlehem, which is the usual cluster of small stone houses crowded together. The streets are so extremely narrow that the carriage really scrapes on both sides in some places, while all the time the poor people who happen to be in the road must climb up into doorways or windows to get out of our way.

Our drive ends in an open market place from which a lane leads to the Church of the Nativity, built over a rocky cave supposed to be the birthplace of Christ. One could wish that this might be the most beautiful and impressive church in the whole world, but it is on the contrary one of the most tawdry and ugly, dark and dirty, crowded with gaudy pictures, lamps, and gewgaws. It is a rambling structure, parts of which are very old; and having been built at different times on different plans, it is more like a bewildering series of small chapels than a great church.

We are taken through the parts belonging to the different Christian churches, and here again see Turkish soldiers at the entrances to the different parts, to preserve order among the rival sects who claim rights here. It is rather a sad object lesson to the Mohammedans of the results of Christianity.

Last of all, one by one, we climb down a narrow, twisting, dark, stone stair, to an underground cavern or grotto. A star on the stone floor marks the place where Christ is

said to have been born. Four feet away is a small niche which marks the manger where he was laid. The only light comes from the jeweled lamps and candles burning over the star, and the place is so tiny that not more than half a dozen people can be in it at one time besides the Turkish soldiers.

Outside in the narrow street again we are attracted by an open door in the house across, from which a queer, roaring sound issues. We venture to peep in, and know at once that it must be a schoolroom. The room is low and built of stone. The pupils, all boys, between the ages of five and ten, sit on two long wooden benches without backs, their books resting on a long high bench in front of them. A small blackboard on an easel stands in the front of the room, and around it are grouped some dozen or so of the little urchins, saying their lesson. The master points to a letter on the board and says its name, and they all shout it after him. The din is very great, for all the boys on the benches are saying their lessons out loud, gabbling as fast as their tongues can move and shouting at the top of their voices. They all look at us with great curiosity, and for a moment the noise quite ceases as the master comes toward us, greeting us in Arabic, and politely offering us the one chair the room possesses. He carries a long rod with which he touches any boy who does not shout steadily enough.

Now that there are visitors in the school, he gives a pointer to one of the little lads so that he may lead the class. Every eye except that of the unfortunate child who has to point to the letters on the board is glued to the

strange visitors; but the shouting continues, especially now that the master can give his whole attention to prodding the bare legs of any who fail to make enough racket. They are perhaps showing off for our benefit, and repeating a page of the Koran; but it is wasted on us as we cannot understand a word of it. Suddenly a big bell rings somewhere, and like a flash all the little black heads in their red fezes duck under the front benches and there is a long line of boys standing ready for dismissal.

We have a chance to get a good look at them now. They all wear coarse white or blue cotton gowns, sometimes with small woolen jackets above them. No one wears stockings, but most of them have stout shoes which look as if they might have been made in Massachusetts, and very likely were. Each has on a red fez, so we know that they are good Mohammedans. Now they are filing out past us, and from adjoining rooms we see a long line stretching down the street, some two hundred all together. We try to say a few words to the teacher, but he understands no language but Arabic, so all we can find out about the school is what our eyes have told us.

In the small shops around the market place are sold many trinkets made of mother-of-pearl, or olive wood, beautifully carved by the natives of Bethlehem. The olive wood has a faint fragrance and makes very pretty boxes and candlesticks, which we are glad to carry away with us as souvenirs of one of the most interesting places we have seen.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are largely Christian Armenians or Jews, and we see no veiled women. The



TRADESMEN OF BETHLEHEM

people seem taller and more intelligent than the Turks. The women wear a high headdress, peculiar to this place, with a white wool veil pinned over it and hanging back from it.

Jerusalem is surely the city Christ had in mind when he said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." All the long drive back from Bethlehem we have it before our eyes, and begin to realize what the sight of it must have meant to the pious pilgrims in olden times when, weary and footsore, they at last saw it miles away, set like a queen on her throne. All along the road we are passing the patient Russians, who are still crowding in to the city. They plod slowly along, eyes bent on the ground, shoulders drooping, their whole look one of intense weariness, until



AN APPROACH TO JERUSALEM

we pass close to them, when perhaps they look up at us. What an expression of earnest happiness their faces show! Their long journey will be done in an hour, and all the weary miles behind them are already forgotten. Here is a poor woman stretched out by the roadside. She is terribly thin and pale, and we stop our carriage to ask if we can do anything for her. No, our guide says, rather contemptuously; she is only one of those Russian peasants and the journey has been too much for her. The sun is very hot and she wears heavy winter clothes, enough to cause a sunstroke perhaps. The doctor of our party comes back to the carriage shaking his head. "She will be buried in the Holy City," he says, and adds, "heart-fail-

ure from the strain and exertion she has been through, probably."

At a turn in the road we stop for a drink at an ancient stone fountain where we see young girls filling their pitch-



GOING FOR WATER

ers and jars with the cool water. But more often they bring the great five-gallon tins of the Standard Oil Company, which we see put to every conceivable use here. Kerosene is brought from America in them, and then the cans are used for water cans or panniers for donkeys or for market baskets or in a dozen other ways.

The next day we devote to an excursion by carriage to the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the village of Bethany. We leave the city by the Damascus Gate, and drive in a long curve across a

wind-swept plain to the small garden on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives, which is no doubt the place where Christ spent his last night. It is now enclosed by a tall iron fence and carefully tended by the monks. We walk around it by the stone path and see the eight gnarled old olive trees

which our dragoman assures us grew there in the time of Christ. That is hardly possible, but they are certainly very old trees. A few wallflowers and vines make up the garden, which is worth seeing only because of its associations.

Near it is a great Russian church with gilded towers which can be seen miles away. In the sunshine under the stone walls which terrace the road, sits a long line of lepers, who hold out their hands and beg as we pass by with our faces turned away. The dragoman takes the money we are willing to give and drops it into their outstretched fingers, quite as much afraid to touch them as we would be. They are allowed only in certain places, and are not permitted to come near travelers. Elsewhere in Asia Minor they are pushed about in small wagons like baby carriages, with hoods or tops under which they are concealed. The leper rings a bell constantly so that no one need come near him. Here in Jerusalem they do not take pains to conceal their faces. They do not need to beg, for a good hospital is provided for them; but they prefer to range the streets and depend on charity, and the government does not compel them to enter the hospital. The generosity of the English, Germans, and French has established numerous asylums and hospitals in Syria, especially for the treatment of eye diseases, which are very common in this country.

A few miles more of the up-hill road, and we are at the small village of Bethany, where our guide is anxious to show us the house of Mary and Martha. More attractive to us are the tiny children who crowd around our carriage crying, "Backsheesh, hadji! Hadji, backsheesh!" They

are barefooted, and wear only one very ragged garment apiece, while we are shivering in heavy wraps and rugs. We hold out our hands to them and mimic them, "Hadji, backsheesh!" A joke is the same for a child the world around; these little Arabs see the point at once, and go off into fits of laughter, so that they quite forget that their begging was in earnest. A hadji is a person who has been to Mecca, and when an Arab wishes to compliment any one he calls him "hadji."

On the drive back to Jerusalem we catch a distant glimpse of the Dead Sea, a blue spot seen through a notch in the hills some twenty-five miles away. On the Mount of Olives, which rises about two hundred feet above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we see innumerable tombs of devout Jews. These are small stone structures, entirely above the ground, in each of which a body has been walled up. There are thousands of them, for it has been the favorite burial place of the Jews for many centuries.

An excursion to the Dead Sea takes us out of Jerusalem for the next few days. It is a long, hard drive over these rocky hills, the level of the road gradually descending till we reach the Sea, nearly thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean and thirty-seven hundred below Jerusalem. Along the road we see occasionally the small mud huts, built in a conical shape, in which the very poor live. And we see people living in caves in the rocks, regular cliff dwellers.

The water of the Sea is very salt, and so buoyant that one cannot drown in it. There is no outlet for the water, and no river of any size flows into the Dead Sea except

the Jordan. Desolate hills enclose it on all sides, and nothing can grow along its shores, where everything exposed to its spray is coated with salt. Its situation below the sea level makes the climate of the surrounding country very hot in summer, and even in March we find it much warmer here than in Jerusalem.

When we reach Jaffa again to return to the vessel we are so appalled at the appearance of the heavy sea roaring over the jagged rocks in the harbor that if there were any possible way out of it we would utterly refuse to get into a boat and be rowed through them. Look at the tremendous waves breaking over those crags and dashing their spray twenty feet or more into the air! The ship has been obliged to move two miles out to sea because of the great breakers, and there is nothing for it but to be rowed out to her in small boats that seem, as we look at them from the shore, to be standing on one end half the time. But there is an old proverb to the effect that there is no bargaining with necessity, so we step quietly into a boat, wrap our rugs around us to protect us from the waves that wash over the gunwale, and start.

Some of the boat loads are drenched to the skin, but we get through with nothing worse than an occasional dash of water. Of course nearly every one is desperately seasick, and we are thankful indeed when the bad half hour is over and stout sailors are lifting us, one by one, on to the steamer's gangway. This is not an easy operation, for when the sea is rough, at one moment the rowboat is on the top of a wave and at the level of the gangway, and the next instant it has dropped ten feet below. So the sailors

on the bottom step grab us and hold on tightly, while perhaps the boat goes down from our feet and we are left suspended in the air, held in strong arms fortunately.

Did you ever hear of poor Andromeda, who was chained to a rock by her father, the king, as a sacrifice to a great sea monster? The terrible creature came up out of the ocean every year, and unless a beautiful maiden was offered up to him, would ravage the country. So the princess was chained to the rock, to await the coming of the monster. But luckily for her, Perseus happened to be passing just then, on his way back from killing the gorgon Medusa, and heard her frantic screams as the monster approached. So he came down to find out what was the trouble, and when he saw the beautiful maiden, he took out his sword and fought bravely with the horrible creature. But perhaps Perseus too would have perished if he had not suddenly bethought himself of the head of the gorgon, Medusa, which he carried in his magic wallet. That, you remember, had the wonderful power of changing everything that looked it in the face into stone. Just in time he remembered it, and drawing it out, held the hideous visage up before the monster. And that was the end of the dreadful sea serpent. For it was changed into those very rocks that we have had so much difficulty passing through at Jaffa.

Then Perseus set the beautiful princess free, and the king was so grateful to him for freeing his country from the dread of the monster that he gave him Andromeda as his wife, and urged him to stay there.

We try to fancy we can make out the shape of the ser-



VIEW FROM THE COLLEGE, BEIRUT

pent in the jagged rocks, and really they are somewhat like a monster in shape. Only how unfortunate it is that Perseus should have turned him to stone just here, where he makes so much trouble for travelers!

II. BEIRUT AND DAMASCUS

We are to drop anchor to-day at one of the best harbors in Asia Minor, Beirut, a city of about one hundred eighteen thousand inhabitants, built along the curve of a beautiful bay. Here we leave the ship for a trip to Damascus, but before we start we explore the city, which has been a center for missionary effort, both Catholic and Protestant, for nearly a century.

The American-Syrian college, with its hundreds of students, who come from all parts of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey, claims our attention first. Its buildings are situated on high ground near the sea, with beautiful gardens in the center of the enclosure. Chapel exercises are going on. We slip into a back seat to watch the students, almost all of whom wear the fez, showing that they are still Mohammedans though they are attending a Christian service. One of the teachers tells us that no attempt is made to convert the students to Christianity further than requiring them to attend chapel.

“Why do all these young men come here?” we ask.

“Largely to learn the English language, so that they may become guides or shopkeepers,” he replies. “Very many are studying medicine with us, and go back to their native towns to treat diseases scientifically. That is a branch of Christian education which the Mohammedans believe in, even if they will not accept our faith.” The college is doing a great amount of good in civilizing and educating these young men.

Up a narrow street we travel to find the Orphanage, kept by the good French nuns. Here we see little girls as well as boys. There are but few children compared to the great college we have just seen; but these little ones are being brought up to be Christians, and the pious nuns hope they will in turn carry on the missionary work. Two small black-eyed Syrian girls bring us bunches of fragrant flowers from the charming gardens of the Orphanage, and after much coaxing show us some of their needlework, exquisitely fine. They are well trained in every way,

and we are glad to think there are a few little girls in Syria who will escape the hard fate of most Moham-medan women.

A long drive through the beautiful country near Beirut occupies our afternoon. Spring is well along here, and we see the farmers plowing with oxen in the fields. All sorts of small spring flowers grow by the wayside, the slender-stemmed red poppies nodding at us from every field. Great plantations of cedars are set out and raised as we would raise crops. They grow quickly to a great height, and are cut down and used as firewood. They are unlike the tree we call cedar in America, branching more like an elm.

We notice strange objects in the fields, looking like posts out of which bunches of rods are growing. These are mulberry trees, whose leaves are used to feed the silkworms; for there is a considerable silk industry here in Beirut. The branches of the mulberry trees are trimmed off frequently in order to force fresh shoots with tender young leaves for the worms.

The ordinary houses here are small, having but one story, which is divided into two rooms. They are almost cubical in shape, with roofs so nearly flat that the houses look like great white building blocks, set next each other along a street, for the windows and doors are few and small and not noticeable at a distance. The houses are built, roofs and all, of stones, and these are plastered or cemented on the outside. Then they are whitewashed or colored a pale yellow, and in this clear atmosphere, where there is no smoke, they look dazzlingly white from a dis-



ON THE RAILROAD TO DAMASCUS

A native car

tance. Sometimes the roofs are tiled with flat red tiles, adding another bright color to the picture.

We see men cutting boards from square logs in the old-fashioned way in use before sawmills were invented. The logs are placed on a trestle about eight feet high, and the two men sawing them work from above and below, one standing underneath and the other on top of the trestle. They use a saw five or six feet long.

One of the very few railroads in western Asia connects Beirut with Damascus, and we are to travel over it to that ancient city. The distance is only one hundred and twenty miles, but it will take us nine hours to make the journey. We must take along warm wraps, though the morning is already warm in Beirut, before we climb into the uncomfortable coaches for our long ride. Not many miles away we can see the white snow



A ROADSIDE SCENE

mantle flashing back the sunbeams on the peaks of Mt. Lebanon.

"Are we to go through that snow?" we ask the dragoon, shivering at the thought of snow again, after our weeks of summering on the blue Mediterranean. He grins and nods cheerfully in reply to our questions as he packs the heavy rugs around us on the hard seats, to spare us as many jolts as possible. Soon the slow little train pulls out of the station, and we begin to climb those very heights which look like great white walls ahead of us.

We lean out of the windows for a little while, watching the strings of camels which we soon pass, and interested in the tiny villages where the train sometimes stops. The houses are small, usually containing but one room; often there is a little porch over the door. Perhaps a gigantic

cedar stretches its sheltering limbs, rustling its fragrant needles, over two or three of the little dwellings. One such tree makes a whole village beautiful.

After a time we feel the colder mountain air, and windows must be closed to protect us. We are ascending all the time. Where the grade is very steep, the road is built with a rack in the middle between the rails, and cogwheels on our train fit into it to keep us from sliding backward. Sometimes the curves are so sharp and the ascent so rapid that we can look back and see below us the track we were traveling over a few minutes before.

The mountain side is so rocky and sterile that we wonder at the patient toil which can cultivate even such unpromising soil. The slopes are terraced, and the stones taken from the narrow terrace are heaped up into low walls to hold the scanty soil in place. Sometimes the terraces are only a few feet wide, but everywhere they are under high cultivation. The vegetables and fruits for Beirut must be raised here, and the vines on these slopes supply the native wines. Down in the valley, soon after we left the city, we saw many mulberry trees; but they require a warm climate and the mountain side is too cold for them. Cedars we still see, small and stunted.

At length we reach the snow line and some of the young men on the train jump off and gather up snow for snowballs. Our train is progressing so slowly that they can keep up with it by running. Suddenly a Turkish soldier drops off the baggage car and shouts at them. Back they climb on to the train, and the soldier steps up beside our coach and says something to us. Our dragoman, inter-

preting, tells us that it is against the law here for one to step off a moving train. The soldier looks fierce and threatens arrest and a fine when we reach the next station. So the young men decide that it is wisest to follow the dragoman's advice and hand over a few francs to get out of what may be a disagreeable scrape. Dishonesty and corruption are so common here that we suspect that the law the soldier threatened us with was made to extort money from frightened travelers.

By afternoon we have passed the crest of the mountain range and are descending rather more quickly. Far below us is a green valley through which, like a blue ribbon, winds the Baruba river with its many branches. This river, fed from the snows on Mt. Lebanon, makes the valley one of the most fertile and most beautiful in the world. In Old Testament times travelers toiling over these mountains of Lebanon would pause and gaze with delight at that charming picture spread out before them, the white houses, the blue river, the green circle of trees around it; and to-day it looks much as it did then.

Damascus is one of the very few cities in the world which have stood the wear of centuries and are still as large, though perhaps not so important, as they were three thousand years ago. The earliest mention we have of it in the Bible is in Genesis, where Abraham's heir is Eliezer of Damascus. King David conquered it and exacted tribute of its inhabitants. In those days it was the capital of Syria, and its monarchs were rivals of the Hebrew kings.

When Rome and Greece were just beginning to make history, the great Assyrian conqueror, Tiglath-pileser,



DAMASCUS

took Damascus and led all its citizens captive into Assyria. Many changes of fortune the city endured through the centuries. Its conquerors were Greek, Roman, and Arabian; and at last it fell to the Turks, who still hold it.

By four o'clock we are safely settled in our hotel on the bank of the river, in a district known as the "New City." A carriage drive takes us along the river banks, through roads with high walls on each side. By standing up in the carriage we can catch a glimpse of flowers and green shrubs in the gardens beyond the enclosing walls. These are the gardens of the wealthy men of Damascus. They build their houses close together in the crowded city, and have their gardens in the suburbs, quite away from their homes. An hour's drive brings us to a garden on

the hillside, from which we again get a beautiful view of the city. At this spot, it is said, Mohammed stood, and gazing down at Damascus with admiration, exclaimed, "Here I must stop. I cannot enter this valley; for it is written in the law that man may enter Paradise but once. If I enter this one on earth, I shall miss the heavenly Paradise."

Our hotel proves far from comfortable, and we are able to eat very little of the food it affords. The water is dangerous, for the sewage pollutes the streams from which it comes; and everything is so dirty and badly cooked that we cannot do more than taste a mouthful or two. After a meal of nuts, oranges, eggs, and mineral water, we spend our evening shivering in a stone-floored room, trying to warm our hands over candles, and thankful for the thick rugs our thoughtful dragoman insisted on.

In the warm sunshine of morning we are on our way to see the famous bazaars of old Damascus. The ancient part of the city is the usual tangle of narrow, dark, dirty alleys which we must expect to find in any Oriental town. In its general outline, old Damascus is a rough oblong; and cornerwise through it runs "the street which is called straight," spoken of in the account of Paul's visit to Damascus in the book of Acts. Though it is the main shopping thoroughfare of the old city, it is narrow and ill-kept, and covered most of the way. On both sides of the street are crowded the tiny shops for which Damascus is famous.

The city is on the caravan route from Bagdad in Arabia to the coast, and many of the products brought from cen-

tral Arabia are for sale here, as well as the hammered brass, gay silks, and carved leather manufactured in Damascus. In ancient times the weavers of Damascus were the most skillful in the world. For many years the city was unrivaled in the making of a kind of cloth called damask, which was woven in such a way as to make the figure alike on both sides. Damascus blades were the best in the world. The old Turks understood the art of tempering steel so that their swords were so flexible they could be tied in knots, so keen-edged that they could cut through a down pillow, and so strong they could divide a shield at one blow. Such at least are the stories told of them. Now these crafts have been long forgotten, and though plenty of daggers and swords are offered us for sale, they are either antiques or have been manufactured elsewhere.

Our dragoman has to keep busy taking care of us and our purchases. Foreign visitors are not as common here as in the seacoast towns, and everywhere we go a curious crowd gathers around us. We stop to bargain for a wrought-iron lantern. The shopkeeper sits in the open window of his tiny room and seems not in the least anxious to sell the article, though he condescends to name a price some ten times its value. We begin by offering less than the value and rise gradually while he slowly comes down in his demands. At last we reach a point where our dragoman interferes and insists we must have the lantern for what we have offered. The shopkeeper protests that he is losing money on it, shrugs his shoulders, and at last hands it over, "for Mr. Habbebe's sake." Mr. Habbebe is our dragoman. Everything we buy is given us, accord-

ing to the salesman, at much less than the cost, "for the honor of Mr. Habbebe!"

Here comes a donkey trotting along under a great load of straw. Mr. Habbebe helps us to climb up into one of the little dark shops to get out of his way, for his load fills the street completely. And now we are troubled to see Mr. Habbebe beating a small boy with his stout cane. "He was touching your dress, miss," is the explanation.

It is the dragoman's duty to keep the natives from crowding up against us, and we walk the streets the center of an admiring circle which has a respect for Mr. Habbebe's cane. When we look at the natives we have no desire to be nearer them. Skin diseases,



IN THE COURT OF A DAMASCUS HOUSE.

the results of filth and bad nourishment, are sadly common among them, and nearly every one seems to have sore eyes.

Our guide has promised us a sight of the interior of some fine houses which he has permission to show. On the outside they are low, stucco-covered buildings, very plain and unattractive; but within we are shown a beautiful court with a marble basin in the center in which a fountain splashes. Blossoming shrubs surround it, and a carved arcade runs around the court, reminding us of some of the small courts of the Alhambra. From it open the rooms,

rich in carved and inlaid woods, the furniture of ebony or walnut inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the floors strewn with richly colored Turkish rugs. In the new part of the city we see houses built more as European houses are, sometimes quite large and several stories high. We can see that they belong to Mohammedans, for from the windows of the women's rooms small balconies are built, shut in with close lattices, so that the wives and daughters of the rich citizens can never be seen from the street.

The condition of Mohammedan women is sad enough anywhere, but here in Damascus they are kept in even closer restraint than in other cities. We see very few of them on the street, and they are always closely veiled. The poor creatures are brought up in dense ignorance, and spend most of their lives in small rooms with latticed windows, little better than prisons. The wealthier the family, the more closely shut up are its women.

Before leaving, let us take a drive through the beautiful country around Damascus. Cold as the nights seem to us, the valley blossoms as the rose. Orange and almond trees in fruit and blossom rejoice our eyes in every direction. We do not wonder that the ancients thought Damascus the most beautiful city in the world and compared it to Paradise. We have found it a fascinating place to visit, in spite of the fact that we are starving for a crust of bread. A diet of nuts and oranges soon grows tiresome, and though we have been glad to wander through the quaint old streets of Damascus, we are ready to leave them and return to the comfortable ship which is waiting for us.

III. SMYRNA

Long, bright, sunny days we spend, sailing westward and then north along this historic coast of Asia Minor. Few and small are the cities here now. Sand has choked up the old harbors, and the Turkish government has been too poor and too stingy to make new ones. Even Smyrna, the largest city in the Levant, has a poor harbor. The Bay of Smyrna is broad and shallow, and were it a stormy day our landing would be difficult. We are soon in great rowboats, bound for the quay, where we find that no carriages are to be obtained, as the feast of the Little Beiram is making the city gay, and the few carriages have already been taken. We engage an English-speaking guide, and stroll along the water front, trying to shake off the peddlers who urge us to buy their figs or confectionery.

Western civilization has affected Smyrna very little, and the people seem to be living very much as their forefathers lived five hundred years ago. Along the curve of the water front runs a street-car line, and here are a few shops which remind us of a European city. Back into the town lead narrow, dirty, crowded streets, swarming with a dense population of Greeks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews.

Soon we turn up one of these narrow streets in search of the world-famous bazaars of Smyrna. The street grows narrower and darker, and finally becomes a sort of covered passageway under buildings, twisting and turning until we are without any sense of direction. But we are not alone in this tiny alley. Here we meet a donkey, loaded with grass, and behind him comes a flock of turkeys driven by an old man with a long beard. We stand aside to let

them pass, and they step by in as orderly a fashion as if they were soldiers. Our guide tells us that if two such flocks meet they will pass each other without confusion.

The street is widening again, and as we follow the turkeys we come upon a market place where women are seated on the ground surrounded by piles of vegetables; men are selling sweet cakes, and all sorts of live fowls are displayed for sale. From it open many narrow, covered streets, no wider than a carriage, everywhere crowded with people who are buying provisions in the tiny shops on each side.

All the shops of one kind are together. Here we walk through several blocks of butchers' shops, each a tiny square room with no front but folding doors, which are now put back. A shop ten feet square and eight feet high is a large one, and some of them are so small that the owner can sit cross-legged in the middle and reach everything in his store.

Narrow as the street is, it is obstructed by great pieces of meat, hanging from hooks fastened to the roofs, so that we have difficulty in threading our way through. This part of the city contains only natives, and they eye us curiously as we hurry through with our guide, anxious to find a cleaner and sweeter-smelling part of the town. We walk through mile after mile of these narrow, winding streets, sometimes having to step quickly into a shop to avoid being run over by a carriage, which so completely fills the street that everything must get out of its way.

Now we come to a quarter of the town where the bakers all have their shops, and we see the hard round loaves being drawn from the tiny ovens at the back of the shops.

In the front, the baker has a great bucket of glowing charcoal, on top of which he lays a large round griddle. When it is hot, he quickly spreads on it a narrow strip of white batter, running it round and round in the shape of a spiral. It cooks quickly and looks somewhat like a long strip of flat macaroni. Or he may cook on the great griddle a cake an inch or so thick, very greasy and covered with a thin sweet frosting.

The streets are very dirty, for dogs are the only scavengers, and we should hardly think it possible to eat meats or other food cooked in such places. The people of Smyrna, however, are not particular, and we see them buying their frugal meals and eating them at once in front of the shops.



A TRAVELING COFFEE SELLER

Here is a long street of shoemakers, all at work, making the red or yellow Turkish heelless slippers, with red pom-poms on the toes. We should find it hard to keep them on; but that is rather an advantage to a Mohammedan, for he must slip them off every time he goes into a mosque, and as a rule he takes them off if he steps into a house.

The streets are so dark and narrow that it seems scarcely

light enough for these men to work, and we wonder how those in the tiny back rooms opening behind the shops can possibly see to do any work. The houses have usually no doors or windows except the front of the shop, and there is even no chimney, since most of the cooking is done at the bake-shops. The only fire is a small pan or brazier of charcoal. The streets are paved with uneven flagstones, and after a rain they are almost impassable on account of the pools of water in the great hollows in the pavement.

Smyrna is the center of the drug trade for the world; from it quantities of opium, licorice, and madder are ex-



A CARAVAN RESTING

ported. It is also the center of the caravan trade for Asia Minor, where there are as yet no railroads to speak of. Here are brought for export the figs and raisins grown in the interior and the beautiful rugs and carpets which we call Smyrna rugs.

These are really made in the small villages throughout Turkey in Asia, and are woven on hand looms in the houses of the peasants. The men prepare and color the wool, and the women and girls weave it into rugs by hand, without even the aid of a shuttle. The patterns are handed down in different families, and a particular design can be made only in a particular village or family. The work is done very carefully and takes a great deal of time, so that it is

not strange that these rugs are very expensive. But they last a lifetime, and in Turkey are used so carefully that they are sometimes handed down from father to son for many generations. Those woven with a certain figure, like flights of stairs meeting in a platform, are called prayer rugs, and the Mohammedans use them to kneel on when they say their prayers, always turning the top of the figure toward Mecca.

But perhaps we are more interested in the sweets that are manufactured in Smyrna than in her imported rugs. A whole section of the city is given up to tiny shops in which is made the delicious fig-paste, or Turkish Delight. This is a kind of candy made from honey, figs, gum arabic, and other materials. It is about the thickness of jujube paste, and is extremely sweet, so that one can eat only a little of it. Sometimes pistachio nuts or almonds are put into it, and it is always most delicately flavored. It keeps well, and we buy a box of it to take home to friends in America.

By this time we are tired of Smyrna's narrow, ill-smelling streets, and our guide finds us a carriage so that we may drive through the better streets of the town. Here we see many curious sights. A barber is shaving a man who is sitting in an ordinary chair placed out in the street. He has a small mirror fastened to the stone wall, and all the people who pass must step aside to get around him and his customer. He is shaving the man's head, not his face. Most Mohammedans wear their beards long but shave their heads except for a small place on the top. They wear turbans constantly, even in their homes.

The people we meet on the streets are dressed in a style which seems to us very queer. Scarcely any of them have clothes such as we wear in America. The men wear long, loose robes of brown, dirty yellow, or blue, with heavy, bright-colored turbans on their heads. The women, if they are Mohammedans, wear heavy veils which completely cover their faces and are tucked into their hoods. These veils are covered with figures which are woven into the tissue. Sometimes the figure is a great red star on a yellow ground, the center of the star being held out by the



CAMELS IN THE KHAN

point of the nose. The material is very thick and it is impossible to see even the outlines of a face through it.

We stop on the outskirts of the city to watch a caravan of camels come into a khan or caravansery.

The khan is a great yard, surrounded with stables, above which are small rooms for the drivers. Nothing is provided but shelter, and water from a well in the center of the yard. The streets of the city are so narrow and crowded that camels cannot go through them; indeed the camels are so tall that their heads would strike against the roofs of the covered streets.

Under the window of a house on the water front, near the landing place, we see an American flag. The American

consul has his office there. In every foreign city where Americans are likely to go our government keeps an officer, called a consul, to look after their interests. In such a far-away land as this, his principal work is helping American sailors who have fallen into some trouble, or advising travelers as to the best roads to take. We do not need any help, but we are glad to see the face of an American gentleman in this strange Oriental city, and we have plenty of questions to ask him. He welcomes us warmly and tells us many interesting things about Smyrna; for instance, that the camels we have seen here are quite different from those we saw farther south. These are larger and finer than other camels and are of a special breed peculiar to Smyrna and Asia Minor. He offers us tiny glasses of the wine made here, and we taste it and make wry faces over the drop or two we swallow. He laughs and tells us that the disagreeable taste is due to the resin they mix with the grape juice. The Greeks too like wine mixed thus. People become quite fond of it and drink it as freely as we do water.

High up on the hillside we can see some picturesque ruins, and we ask our guide to have us driven there. He explains to us that they are very far away, but promises to drive us up the hill toward them and show us the tomb of Polycarp, who was once Bishop of Smyrna.

We are driven now through the better part of Smyrna, past some fine modern buildings, a hotel or two, and open-air cafés where men are sitting at outdoor tables, smoking and drinking their coffee or wine. Here also is a large parade ground, and barracks for the Turkish soldiers,

where we stop a few minutes and watch the drilling. Then the drive winds up the mountain side toward the ruins. These are the remains of the fortifications built here by the Genoese when the town for a time belonged to them in the middle ages.

The dwellings along the roadside are more scattered, and at last we are so high up that we can see far below us the whitewashed houses of the town, looking like palaces shining in the sunlight. Our carriage stops, and we walk up a steep bank and a crumbling flight of steps to a small Turkish graveyard to see the famous tomb. It is like all the other tombs except that it is larger, but to our surprise it has the fez carved on a stake at the head of the tomb. The fez is wrapped in a green cloth, which signifies that the person buried there has been to Mecca. Now Polycarp was an early Christian, said to have been a pupil of St. John the Apostle, and was martyred by being thrown to the lions in the year 80 A. D. As Mohammed was not born till about 600 A. D., the fez is rather difficult to understand. We ask the guide (in French), "Did Polycarp go to Mecca?" "Oh, yes! Yes! Polycarp was a very good man!" "But," we object, "we thought Polycarp was a Christian." "Oh, no! Oh, no! Polycarp was a very good man! He was a true Turk!"

We give up arguing on this point, and turn to look into the interior of the tomb, which is supposed to be open to view through a tiny window; but it is so dark inside that no one can tell whether there are fragments of Polycarp or whole lions there!



THE GOLDEN HORN

TURKEY, THE LAND OF THE CRESCENT

I. CONSTANTINOPLE

WITH the shores of Asia on one side and those of Europe on the other, we enter the Dardanelles, the strait which connects the Mediterranean Sea with the Sea of Marmora. At first the width of the strait seems no more than a mile or two; and Lord Byron's feat of swimming across from Europe to Asia does not appear wonderful. Gradually the distance widens, and we are on the Sea of Marmora, a most beautiful piece of calm blue water, with pretty



CONSTANTINOPLE

islands showing here and there. The shores of the Dardanelles are low and sandy. As we leave them behind, mountains are in sight far to the eastward.

All day we sail east and north, till at last we enter the Bosphorus, the shining heights of the great city of Constantinople lying on our left, in Europe, and its suburb, Scutari, to our right in Asia.

The sun is just setting as we approach the famous metropolis, and a more beautiful scene it would be hard to imagine. The city is built at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora; and an arm of the strait, so curved as to be almost the shape of a sickle, runs out toward the west, separating the city into two parts. We can see at once why this arm is called the Golden Horn. It is shaped like a horn; and the sun going down in the west seems to drop into its waters and turn them to gold. Here and there on the edges of the city we see the ruins of ancient walls and fortifications; on Seraglio Point, just south of the Golden Horn's entrance, the white walls of a palace of the sultan flash back the last rays of the sun; and above the thickly clustered houses and the tall masts of the shipping gleam the slender white minarets of the great mosque of St. Sophia, one of the largest and most famous churches in the world. We watch the great buildings of the city lose their sunset gold, one by one, and regret that the gathering twilight must shut off the beautiful view.

Constantinople, which we are now to visit, is the great center of Mohammedan power. We have seen Mohammedans all through the Levant, and now that we are coming

to their principal city, it will be interesting to inquire more closely into their history and strange customs.

As to their name, they are sometimes called Mohammedans and sometimes Moslems, or perhaps Mussulmans; but all these names signify the people who believe in the form of religion founded by an Arab named Mohammed, who died in the year 632. He was born at Mecca in Arabia, and for that reason Mecca is the sacred city to all Mohammedans; when they pray they kneel down, facing toward Mecca.

Mohammed claimed to have revelations from God, and had them written down in a book called the Koran, which is to the Moslems what the Bible is to Christians. It is a collection of legends and laws for the guidance of his followers, who commit as much of it as possible to memory and pay strict attention to its requirements in their daily lives.

Mohammed counted Christ not as a son of God but only as a prophet, such as Moses was; and the Mohammedans say that Christians are infidels, that is, are unfaithful to the true God, because they worship Christ as on the same plane with God. Their favorite saying is, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." Allah is the Arabic word for God, and the saying is a brief statement of their creed.

Because they looked upon the Christians with such horror as infidels, immediately upon Mohammed's death the Moslems started out to conquer the Christian nations and compel them to pay tribute. They overran a large part of southern Europe and all of northern Africa, conquer-

ing, subduing, and even converting their opponents; and until very recently have held nearly all the Balkan peninsula. Here a tribe of Mongolians, the Turks, who had been converted to Mohammedanism, settled down, and their descendants still retain Constantinople and the territory around it.

This land of the Turk, small though it is in comparison with what was once held under Mohammedan rule, is one of the most valuable parts of Europe, for it forms a natural bridge between that continent and Asia. It borders on a great inland sea, into which flow two of the largest rivers of Europe. And most important of all, it commands the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the two straits by which all the shipping of the Black Sea must find its way to the Mediterranean. Thus the great wheat fields and oil wells of Russia must send all their produce through Turkish waters before they can reach the open sea. No wonder Russia is always hoping to get hold of the sultan's dominions, and is watching her chance to pick a quarrel with the Turkish government. In the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-1879 the Russians would have been glad enough to take Constantinople, but when the peace terms were made, the other great powers of Europe would not allow that. Not that they wished the Turks to have it; but they felt that it was better to allow the "Sick Man of Europe," as they called Abdul Hamid, the sultan then ruling, to stay there than to increase the power of Russia so greatly. If the great powers, that is, England, Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and Italy, had agreed as to what should be done with his territory, the "Sick Man "

would have had to take up his bed and walk very quickly. It is only international jealousy which keeps Turkish power in Europe.

When the Mohammedans began their conquests, this great city of Constantinople was already a famous and powerful Christian city. And before it was Christian, it had been an old Greek city, named Byzantium, the head of the Roman Empire in the East, just as Rome was the head of the Roman Empire of the West. The Emperor Constantine made it his capital in 330 A. D., gave it his own name, and fortified it with walls which remain in part. You can see that from its position the city was sure at all times to be a sort of outpost or frontier station of Europe against Asia. And it was so indeed; for it was besieged more often than any other place in Europe. But in May, 1453, the last emperor of the East perished in the final siege, and Mohammed II, the great Turkish conqueror, took the city and made it the seat of the Mohammedan power in the world. Since then the Turks have increased there so that the city is principally Mohammedan; still, the land we call Turkey in Europe contains many Christians, descendants of the people who lived there before the Turks came.

Before leaving the ship in the morning we try to get the plan of the city thoroughly in mind. To the south of the Golden Horn lies the native city, usually called Stamboul. Here most of the Turks live; here are the famous mosques, or Mohammedan churches; and here, on Seraglio Point, is the largest of the many palaces of the sultan. On the northern side of the Golden Horn rise the heights of Pera



ON THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN

and Galata, where are the larger commercial houses of the city, the embassies and foreign legations, and, in general, the European or foreign part of this Turkish city.

Our landing place is on the Pera side of the Golden Horn, where we step out of the little landing steamer on a broken and dirty dock, piled high with luggage which the Turkish porters are already loading on their backs to carry away. Each of them wears on his back a great pad, against which rests the trunk he is carrying, and he bends forward so that his shoulders and the pad enable him to carry his load level. It seems shocking that men should carry such heavy burdens, and we are glad we have only hand luggage.

We are transferred at once into carriages, each provided

with an English-speaking guide, and cross the bridge over the Golden Horn to Stamboul and Seraglio Point, to see the Seraglio buildings. We can scarcely set foot on the rotting and uneven planks of the landing stage before we begin to see the famous three D's of Constantinople—Dogs, Dirt, and Dilapidation. The streets we drive through are narrow, dirty, and ill-smelling. The Turkish idea of paving a street is merely to throw a lot of large stones down in the mud or dust, according to the season. These rocks form islands in the surrounding lake of dirt and filth. A foot passenger can pick his way along from one to the other; but such a road is terribly hard on wheeled vehicles; and as the carriages are all driven like mad, we are kept in a panic much of the time. The bumps are so violent that we have to hold on tight to keep from being bounced out; and we seem to be in imminent danger of losing a wheel any minute.

Then the dogs! We have read of them, but had no idea of their numbers. As in Smyrna, they are the scavengers of the city, and flourish on their strange diet, though they do not succeed in keeping the city clean. All the garbage and refuse is thrown out into the open thoroughfares, where these dogs roam up and down getting their living. The inhabitants are very good to them and careful of them. If a dog feels like taking a nap in the middle of the street, he lies down there; and all the carriages and people turn out for him, even in the most crowded places. This we know to be true, for our carriage has to turn out for them repeatedly; but we rather question the truth of the tale that you can kill a Turk with less danger to yourself in

Constantinople than if you were to kill one of their dogs. They say if an American kills a Turk, he is at once handed over to the United States consul, who at least sees that he has a fair trial; but if he kills a dog he is liable to be torn to pieces on the spot by a Turkish mob.

The dogs are of a breed peculiar to the cities of Asia, and are called pariah dogs. They are only half domesticated; that is, while they live in human surroundings, they have no masters and no home but the streets. They are dirty, mangy-looking curs, with short, thick hair, white and yellow in color. They are about the size of a Spitz dog, or a Scotch collie; but it is hardly fair to mention any decent dog in the same sentence with these mongrels. They look well-fed, and are not ill-natured on the whole, for we see very few fights among them and hear no barking. The number of them is almost beyond belief; we count fourteen sunning themselves in front of one house. There must be a hundred to a block oftentimes. We are told that each dog belongs to a sort of pack or tribe, which has its own leaders; and that the dogs belonging to each pack live in certain streets or regions and guard them. If a dog goes into the district of another pack, he is set upon and punished by the dogs whose territory he has invaded.

We should like to take some pictures as we go about the city; but we were warned before we left the ship that we would be liable to lose our cameras if they were seen; so we left all behind except a tiny pocket one. That we hope will escape notice. It is hard to see any reason for such a rule, unless it is that the Mohammedan religion forbids the making of the likeness of any living thing. For

that reason all the beautiful statues that ornamented the ancient buildings here have had their heads knocked off.

Looking at the street crowds we are interested in the queer ways and strange costumes of the people. All the men wear the red fez; for every good Mohammedan must wear a turban; and the fez is a more comfortable form of it than the heavy headdresses. Except for the fez, the better class of Turks wear the same sort of clothes as do men in our country; but any sort of dress seems to be allowable, and we see every gradation, from a loose blue robe, or elaborately embroidered trousers four yards wide, to the latest Parisian styles. All the older Turks wear beards, and many of them wear a turban instead of the fez, which is the universal head covering for younger men.

We notice at once how few women there are on the streets compared to the number of men; and we are also surprised that many of the women we see are not veiled. But on inquiry we learn the reason; the unveiled women are probably not Mohammedan women but Greeks or Armenians; there are a great many of both in the city. The Turkish women are kept at home rather closely; even the windows in their parts of the houses are covered with fine wooden lattices, through the openings in which they peer down on the passers-by. If they do leave the harem, as their rooms are called, they wear a white yashmak, which covers nearly the whole face. It is made of a thin material like barege veiling; and it sometimes has large figures woven in it so that it is really ugly. The poorer women often dispense with a veil, and merely hold the mantle together over the mouth.

All the women in Constantinople wear a long outside garment with a hood gathered close about the face. Suppose you were to wrap a long shawl about you from head to foot, pulling one side of it up over your head, and pinning it tightly under the chin; then put a string around your waist, and button the front edges of the shawl together from the waist down; add to this white stockings and red slippers, and you have the Turkish woman's street costume. The mantle or outside wrap is often made of brocaded silk, usually black, but sometimes purple or magenta in color. To us the dress seems particularly ungraceful.



A DOORWAY OF THE SERAGLIO

We drive as fast as possible through the narrow streets of Stamboul out toward Seraglio Point to see the palace. It stands in a large enclosure, the official entrance to which used to be by a great yellow gate, called the Sublime Porte. That name, the Sublime Porte, is often used to mean the Turkish government, since it was through this gate that

the foreign ministers formerly entered when they came on official business. Now the name is applied to a modern building outside the Seraglio enclosure, where the Turkish Vizier has his offices, and negotiations with other countries are conducted.

It has required special permission from the government for our party to be admitted to the Seraglio, and for this privilege we have to pay a considerable sum of money. All concessions anywhere in the Turkish dominions have to be paid for; moreover, after they are paid for they may not be granted, and when this is the case it is useless to complain.

We drive up to the Seraglio buildings through grounds so dirty and ill-kept as to be ridiculous surroundings for a palace. The buildings include a great number of offices, apartments, and long dreary hallways, all very untidy and ill-kept. There is in some parts a kind of faded splendor about the furnishings, but the whole effect is dreary, musty, and dirty.

Until 1908 the power of the sultan in Turkey was absolute. The actual affairs of the government were managed in public offices in the Seraglio palace, where the sultan's council met. The chief of the council was called the Grand Vizier, and the old sultan, Abdul Hamid, allowed him great power. There was no constitution and no legislative assembly like our Congress or the parliaments of European nations. The poor people were taxed heavily, every kind of bribery was allowed, no public improvements were made, and brigandage was winked at. It naturally followed that, with roads in an abominable state throughout the interior

of the country, and highwaymen bold and unpunished, traveling in Turkey was anything but safe and pleasant.

But for many years before 1908 the Young Turks, a party pledged to obtain a constitution for their unhappy country, had been gaining power in Turkey. Finally they forced the sultan to grant a written constitution and to call together a parliament which should represent the common people. This amounted to a revolution, for the sultan was compelled to resign in April of 1909, and his younger brother was proclaimed ruler in his place, under the title of Mehmed V (or Mohammed V). Abdul Hamid's life was spared, and he was allowed to depart with his family and take up his residence at Salonika.

This change of affairs in Turkey has occurred too recently for the government to be entirely revised as yet. It will take many years to remove all the cruel and unjust officials tolerated by the old sultan, and for the people to realize the power for good they may have if they send honest and intelligent representatives to their parliament. But the improvement in the government has already been enormous, and Turkey is no longer the worst governed state in Europe.

After visiting the Seraglio, we drive back over the long bridge which crosses the Golden Horn, to Pera. This bridge, which we have to cross every time we go over the Golden Horn, is the most interesting spot in all Constantinople to one who sees the city for the first time. It is built of wood, and appears to be in such a shaky condition that we expect it to go to pieces under us. The planks which form it are uneven and broken, and the low railings along



THE LONG BRIDGE

The Galata Tower in the distance

the side look as if they would give way if a healthy child leaned against them. The center portion lifts up (it is a bascule bridge) to allow ships to pass through. The upper part of the Golden Horn is crowded with the masts of shipping, and all the vessels must go through this bridge. Every vehicle or person going over it must pay a toll.

Over the bridge constantly passes an unending stream of people, animals, and vehicles, all interesting to our western eyes. We ask our driver to stop so that we can watch the sights; but we soon discover that the beggars are hurrying toward us from all directions, and we are obliged to drive on. There are enough beggars on that one bridge to stock all the United States, and they are a very wretched sight. They exhibit all sorts of deformities and

loathsome diseases in the hope of exciting pity. The cripples alone would keep an ordinary hospital busy. They hobble after the carriages of tourists, flourishing their crutches and shouting.

Besides the beggars and the dogs, there are many street peddlers on the bridge, plying their trades. We notice men selling loaves of bread, baked in a ring shape and strung on long poles. It is so dark that it must have been made out of very inferior flour, or perhaps wheat flour mixed with rye. Other men carry huge circular trays suspended in front of them, in which an enormous thin cake has been baked. This is cut into pieces and sold. The traffic in cakes and candies is evidently large. We see many venders of nougat and Turkish paste.



BEGGING ON THE BRIDGE

The people here seem to buy most of their meals cooked along the street; there are large numbers of peddlers carrying tiny charcoal stoves and selling queer messes to workmen who stop and eat them on the spot. If the peddler happens to feel like it, he sits down in the dirt of the road and puts his wares around him; sometimes we see piles of bread so placed. There is no difference between sidewalk and road in most of the streets, carriages winding along among the foot-passengers and peddlers. Donkeys are the usual beasts of burden; we pass them loaded with every kind of thing, including slabs of marble, and they seem to be patient, good-natured, intelligent little creatures.

Another day we spend in seeing the mosques and the other wonders of Stamboul. In the Treasury we see a collection of jewels and valuables said to be the most costly in the world; among other things a golden throne set with a great number of precious stones.

The Roman remains in the city are of importance. We are shown the Hippodrome, where races and games used to be held. At one end stands a great obelisk, brought here from Egypt; and near it is the Serpent Column, from Delphi in Greece. Constantinople is largely built out of the spoils of other places. This Serpent Column is formed of three bronze serpents, on whose coils are engraved the names of the Greek states who fought against the Persians. The serpents have lost their heads; it is said that Mohammed II, when he took the city in 1453, hewed one of them off with his own sword. That sword must have been sharper than those we make nowadays.

Near the Hippodrome stands the Burnt Column, made of porphyry hooped with wreaths of bronze. It was brought from Rome originally, and is called the Burnt Column because it shows the marks of the many fires that have swept the city. Most of the buildings here are of wood, and the fire department is hardly as good as that in a town of a thousand inhabitants in the United States. Men carry little chemical engines on their shoulders and run to the fire; there is neither a steam fire engine nor a hose cart in the city. It is said that the entire place burns down once in ten years — that is, all the fires that occur in that time, added together, have destroyed an area equal to that of the whole city.



ST. SOPHIA

Not far from the Hippodrome we come to the mosque of St. Sophia, originally a beautiful Christian church built by one of the Roman emperors. It is said that the building kept ten thousand workmen busy for six years. It is imposing from its enormous size, but on the whole it presents from the outside a displeasing appearance. It is the finest example of the Byzantine style of architecture, we are told, and ranks with the great Gothic cathedrals of Milan and Cologne for the beauty of its interior. The many tall minarets dignify its rather ungainly outlines and render the structure graceful. Every mosque must have at least one minaret, and some have as many as six. These are very tall, slender, round towers tapering to a point and sur-

rounded by a balcony. The muezzin, or crier, has to climb up on that balcony to utter the cry for prayers five times a day, and every good Mohammedan heeds it at once. The first time we hear the cry coming down faintly from above our heads, we cannot imagine what to make of it; and even when the guide points out the muezzin on the minaret, he is so high up that we can hardly distinguish him.

There are some features of the Mohammedan religion which every one must admire. One is the way the people carry their religion around with them, unashamed to kneel down in the busy street, turn their faces toward Mecca, and pray. This shows how intimately they connect their religion with their daily life; and it is also true that they obey its precepts carefully.

We see the men washing their feet at the running water which is provided through many small faucets all along the front of the mosque. Their religion requires this, for they may enter the mosque only with clean, bare feet. Then we make our way round through a small, dark court to the door where Christians are admitted. There is no real door, only a little opening with a heavy, dirty leather curtain over it, which a blind old man holds up for us, begging the while. In the dark entry we are stopped, and great leather slippers are tied on over our shoes, that we may not profane the floors. They are so large that we cannot lift our feet without dropping them off; so we have to shuffle along, like a child with his father's slippers on.

The interior was at one time wonderfully beautiful, but now that it is a Mohammedan church this beauty has been largely spoiled. No harm could be done to the great dome,



WASHING OUTSIDE A MOSQUE

which lifts its airy height one hundred and eighty feet. But since the Moslem faith forbids the making of the likeness of any living thing, the fine frescoes and pictures which adorned the walls in the time when it was a Christian church have all been covered up in some clumsy way, or painted over. Traces of the original decorations can still be seen, and it is said that though the face of Christ, in a picture high up on the dome, has been painted over many times, it always appears again in a short time showing faintly through the covering. Immense blue signboards, with sacred words in Arabic painted on them in gilt letters, hang high up around the dome to hide the Christian decorations. Of course these interfere very much with the dignity and impressiveness of the interior. Everything in



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA

Mohammedan churches must face toward Mecca, Mohammed's birthplace; so all the desks and lamps and strips of carpet are set in that direction, and as the church was not built with that idea, they are all out of line with the walls and give a curious, twisted look to the place.

The pillars and walls of St. Sophia are inlaid with rare and costly marbles and semi-precious stones; we see alabaster, porphyry, jade, and lapis lazuli. Many of the finest columns and carvings were taken from old pagan temples, from Egypt, from the Parthenon at Athens, and from the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

We are interested in watching the worshipers, kneeling with their faces toward Mecca, and every now and then bowing down and touching their foreheads to the floor.

They seem very devout, paying no attention to our presence. But this is not true of the little Arab boys whom we stop to look at in the mosque. They are being instructed in the Koran by an old priest. The priest says a sentence to them, and then they all repeat it after him at the top of their voices. They are all, including the priest, seated cross-legged on the floor near one of the great pillars, and make a great deal of noise; but the mosque is so vast that we have not even noticed them till we come near.

In front of the mosque as we come out is an old man selling a ram to sacrifice in honor of the feast of the Little Beiram. It is customary at this time for a good



RAM FOR SALE

Mohammedan to make a sacrifice, invite his friends to share the feast with him, and give what is left of the meat to the poor. Before the feast of the Greater Beiram, which occurs two months earlier, a long fast is observed, like the period of Lent in the Christian churches. When the time arrives for the fast to be broken, drums are beaten, cannon fired, and trumpets blown; and the whole city of Constantinople gives itself up to wild feasting and fun for several days. There are dancing, music, and processions, in which even the women take part; and the different provinces of the Turkish Empire send representatives to wait upon the sultan, who is the official head of the Mohammedan relig-

ion. The Little Beiram is not so important an occasion as the Greater Beiram, but we have seen parties of people dressed in fantastic costumes several times to-day.

Next we are taken to the building containing the tombs of several of the more recent sultans. Here we have some difficulty in gaining admittance, for it happens to be Friday, the sacred day of the Mohammedans, as Sunday is with us. But the religious scruples of the doorkeepers melt away before a few francs, and an old man with a long beard and a green turban shows us around very politely, though as he cannot speak a word of either French or English his lengthy remarks are wasted on us.

The tombs are all crowded together in one rather large room, and instead of being beautiful monuments, as we have expected, are simply the same box-like arrangements that we have seen in the outdoor cemetery, only that these are covered with costly Persian shawls and rich embroideries. The favorite wives and the children are laid in similar tombs in another room near at hand.

The other great mosque of Constantinople, that of Achmet, is the state mosque, that is, the one where the sultan must come to worship every Friday. When Abdul Hamid was sultan, this was the only opportunity people had to see him. He was accustomed to drive by in a closed carriage with an escort of five thousand soldiers, so afraid of his own people was he. He lived constantly in the most abject fear of assassination, and it was dangerous for even his ministers or servants to make a sudden movement in his presence. A few years before his abdication, he was walking in the garden of his palace, and a gardener who



MOSQUE OF ACHMET

had been stooping down among the shrubbery, trimming it, stood up to bow to him. Instantly the sultan had his revolver out and shot the man. Similar things have happened so often that those who had to be with him took pains never to startle him, so nearly insane was he in his fear of death. He led a most miserable life as a result, never leaving the walls of his palaces except with a very large military guard.

The imperial mosque is not as large as St. Sophia, but is especially beautiful because of the harmony of colors and the decoration. The dome—all mosques are built with domes—is supported by four great stone pillars faced with blue and white tiles, and the dome itself is nearly lined with them. This gives a very dainty, light effect. The floor is covered with magnificent Turkish rugs in red and blue. It is not strange that soft leather slippers

must be put over our dirty, heavy shoes before we are allowed to enter.

A morning among the famous bazaars of the city finishes our visit to Stamboul. They line a network of narrow, dirty, and ill-paved streets, and are for the most part tiny, dark rooms, crowded with gorgeous embroideries, carved and inlaid woods, hand-made jewelry, and endless varieties of trinkets. The shawls, pearls, and rugs make the handsomest and most valuable display and are in marked contrast to the surroundings. We learn that Constantinople is the greatest market in the world for pearls.

The largest bazaar belongs to a man named Levy, who has a famous salesman nicknamed "Far-away Moses." This man was at the World's Fair in Chicago and speaks excellent English. He chats with all of the Americans who wander in and out of his rooms, and offers each one a tiny brass cup of Turkish coffee, which is made by boiling finely ground coffee and sugar together for a long time. It is so strong that it is bitter, and yet it is very sweet. Levy's bazaar is on two floors in several connecting houses. Here we see men and women weaving the handsome rugs we call Turkish, most of which, however, as we know, are woven in Syria.

We find it difficult to walk along the streets where the bazaars are situated without being actually dragged into the shops. The dealers call out loud reproaches to us for going by. One of them exclaims, "When you go home, your friends will ask you, 'What did you buy in Constantinople?' and what will you say?" They speak good English; it is part of their stock in trade. If we once

step into a shop, we find it impossible to get out without buying at least some trifle. Most of the stuff offered for sale looks tawdry and cheap, as if it were manufactured chiefly to catch the carelessly spent money of tourists.

Like every one else who visits Constantinople, we buy a tiny vial of attar of roses, a rich perfume made from rose leaves by extracting their oil under great pressure. It takes thousands of roses to make one ounce of the attar, and its fragrance is so intense that a drop of it will perfume a box for years. Many farms near Constantinople are devoted entirely to raising roses for its manufacture, and its export is an important item in Turkish commerce.

Becoming hungry, we look for a place to lunch, and come to a hole in the wall, whose front is only a door and a space for a window, or rather for a shutter, four feet square. Inside this opening is a stone slab in which is set a tin pan, steaming with rich-looking hot milk. A pan of hot water is near, in which the proprietor is washing a bowl. The bowls, the spoons, the slab, all are very clean; and at hand is a lot of delicious French rolls. For one piastre, we receive a liberal bowl of good milk with a large roll.

Before going to our ship, a drive in Pera, the part of the city north of the Golden Horn, takes us slowly out along the Rue Cabristan, the most important street in the city. Street cars run on it, and by looking at them we find out how to read the Turkish numbers, as each car is numbered in Turkish characters and just below are our ordinary figures.

We pass a very high and massive tower, once strongly fortified, and used as a watch tower in the time of the cru-

sades. From the top of it there is a fine view. Going up on the hill, we come to the handsome buildings and inclosures of the foreign embassies. The English and Russian are so large that they look as if all the Englishmen and Russians in the city must live in them.

On the high ground near, in the middle of a crowded part of the city, is an old Mohammedan cemetery. The tombs are box-like structures on top of the ground. At the head of each is a stone pillar carved at the top into the image of a turban. Most of them have been painted red or green at one time, but like almost everything else in Constantinople, the tombs look neglected and dirty, and the ground is covered with tall weeds.

We are now driving through the best residence streets of the city, and pass many fine houses built in the French and Italian style, usually of wood and painted white or yellow. Not one of them has grass or trees around it, as such houses would have in America; but they are at least large and neat-looking. We do not see garbage thrown out in the streets in this part of the city, as we did in Stamboul.

The English cemetery is on one side of the road, and we leave our carriage and wander about in the quiet square. One stone is dated 1649, and there are many of the two last centuries, principally to mark the graves of men who died here while on warships or in the British embassy. It is a peaceful and retired spot, and the grass and trees and flowers show that loving hearts still remember those buried here, far away from friends and kindred.

Higher still we go, until we begin to leave the great city



PALACE DOLMABAGHCHEH

behind us, and can look down on its roofs and out to the blue waters of the Sea of Marmora. Then we wind slowly downward, passing two more of the sultan's palaces, one a small one on the outskirts of the city where he lives much of the time; the other, the Palace Dolmabaghcheh (is that not a fine name?), which is an immense structure close to the Bosphorus, overloaded with ornament outside and decorated in a most lavish and elaborate manner inside.

Let us now take one of the swift ferry boats which are constantly plying across the Bosphorus, to see the Asiatic portion of the city. It is called Scutari, and many of the people who do business in Constantinople live here. We see two famous graveyards; one for the Mohammedans, larger than any on the European side of the Bosphorus. The Turks prefer to be buried in Asia rather than in Europe, so that they may at least rest in the same con-

continent with Mohammed, their great leader. The other is an English graveyard, where are buried the British soldiers who perished at the siege of Sebastopol and at Balaclava in the Crimean War. You have read Tennyson's poem about the "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava. It was at Scutari during the Crimean War that Florence Nightingale opened great hospitals for the soldiers, and made people realize that scientific nursing is just as important as doctors in the care of the wounded in the army.

Because it is the Turkish Sunday and a feast day, the streets of both Constantinople and Scutari are very crowded. It seems as if all the million or more people who live here are on the streets.





ALONG THE BOSPORUS
Constantinople in the background

II. THE BOSPORUS

Our ship is to take us up the Bosphorus to-day, one of the straits which separate Europe from Asia. The Bosphorus is about seventy-six miles long and is not more than half a mile wide at its narrowest part. The shores are rocky and high, and along the top of them we see many beautiful palaces with handsome grounds around them. These are the summer residences of the wealthy people of Constantinople. The sultan has several palaces here, and the embassies have their summer villas near by. Down

along the shores are fishermen's huts and a few villages, each with its mosque and landing stage. In several places we see the bold outlines of the ruins of ancient fortifications.

At the narrowest point of the Bosphorus stand the battle-mented walls of the old Castle of Europe, a picturesque ruin now, but once a formidable fortress whose towers held cannon of tremendous power, capable of throwing stone balls weighing six hundred pounds. The walls are thirty feet thick. Opposite stands the Castle of Asia, long called the Black Tower on account of the number of prisoners who died in its dungeons from tortures or starvation. The two castles were built by Turkish sultans and once controlled the entire width of the strait.

Not far north of Constantinople we see a great white building looking like an American college. And that is just what it is; Robert College, founded by an American to educate any Turk who chooses to come there. As our vessel slowly steams past the grounds, the two hundred students form in ranks in the grounds and cheer us, and the American flag is run up on the top of the building. Our band plays "America" and "Home, Sweet Home," as long as we can see them.

At last the Bosphorus broadens gradually and we pass some masses of jagged dark rocks in the channel, which we know must be the blue Symplegades. Did you ever hear of the blue Symplegades? Thousands of years ago, when the world was very young and no one knew how to write books, the little Greek children used to beg for stories from their elders just as little boys and girls do now, and the story of the blue Symplegades was as much of a favorite

with Greek youngsters then as Jack the Giant Killer is with American children to-day. Perhaps you, too, will like to hear it before you see them.

Once upon a time a Greek hero, named Jason, went in search of the Golden Fleece, in a great boat called the *Argo*, rowed by many other Greek heroes and steered by a pilot so sharp-sighted that he could see away down through the depths of the green waters the ship sailed over, and could tell the heroes what lay on the bottom of the ocean. Our own Hawthorne has told of the wonderful adventures these heroes went through, but tells very little about their perilous passage through the Symplegades.

In the course of their voyage the Argonauts rowed many miles from their homes in Greece, and their course lay further and further to the north through seas and straits that were strange to them. At last, as they were rowing through what seemed to them a broad river, they heard ahead of them a terrible crashing sound, as of great rocks grinding against each other, and they knew they were approaching the dreadful Symplegades, about which old King Phineas had warned Jason. These, he had said, were two great rocks which stood on each side of the channel; but when any living creature tried to go between them they crashed together with terrific force, and ground the unfortunate thing to a powder. When old Phineas told them this, the poor Argonauts were anxious to be allowed to turn around and row back to Greece again, for though they were brave men they had no desire to be crushed between those terrible rocks. But Phineas had told Jason the secret of the rocks, so that Jason could promise them

they should sail safely between them. Now that they saw the great dark shapes rising black against the blue waters, they demanded of him the fulfilment of his promise.

Then Jason let loose a dove he had brought with him and explained to his men that the foolish rocks would crash together on the dove and then would be obliged to separate in order to come together to crush the *Argo*. "Now," he said to the steersman, "watch the dove; and just as the rocks begin to separate, push forward with all speed and we shall have time to get through before they can close upon us." The dove was loosed, and flew through almost safely, for the Symplegades were watching the *Argo*. However they came together just in time to nip off the tail feathers of the bird. As they parted, the *Argo* dashed through at top speed, and though the rocks tried to come together again in time to crush it, all the harm they did was to clip the end of the steering oar, which was thrust out from the stern of the boat. And the poor Symplegades were so mortified that they quite reformed and stopped that bad habit of crushing vessels, and never since have they been known to move from their proper places. And this last part of the story is certainly true, whatever may be said of the rest of it, for our good vessel bears us safely between them, and you would never imagine what cruel deeds they used to do.

Here we are in the Black Sea, whose waters have been brought down through central Russia in the mighty flood of the yellow Don and from Austria and far-away Germany by the blue Danube. Along its beautiful shores are many large cities whose commerce must pass through the

Bosporus to reach the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Odessa, the great Russian port which ships enormous quantities of wheat from the broad fields of southern Russia, lies to the north; and the city of Tiflis is at the far eastern end. But we can only skirt these green shores to-day, sailing westward for a few hours before we must return to Constantinople.

The land we are passing is as fertile as any in Europe, but when we see that more weeds than grain grow on these rich fields, we remember that the despotic Turkish government, which has ruled this fair land for centuries, never offered any inducements to the thrifty farmer. Railway accommodations have been inadequate, and the highways so wretched that the farmer has had very little chance to market his produce. At the same time the taxes have until recently been so excessive and so unjust that people came to think they might as well be lazy and poor as industrious and poor, since the government would take most of the harvest in any case.

So, although the soil of the Balkan peninsula is rich, and the mountains full of minerals, agriculture is in a most backward condition, and the mineral resources are as yet quite undeveloped. A few cotton, wool, and silk mills represent the entire manufacturing interests. The Balkan peninsula is fitted by its position to be a great commercial country; but up to this time its inhabitants have had little part even in their own trade, which has been largely carried on by English and French merchants. It may become a great sea-faring nation if it makes use of its long coastline and fine harbors.

About half the population of this district is Christian, but they have had even more to bear from the bad government than the Mohammedans; for in addition to the ruinous taxation, they have suffered from religious persecutions, and have feared to become prosperous because then their possessions would be coveted by some Turkish official. And what happened in that case? Some excuse was made up for imposing a fine which would reduce the Christian to beggary, or perhaps he was found dead by the roadside, and no one dared to inquire how it happened. These conditions are now rapidly passing away under the management of the reformed government, and brighter prospects are dawning for this beautiful land.

Constantinople itself may soon become one of the greatest ports in the world; but, as yet, most of the shipping in its harbor is under foreign flags, and it is of very little importance in the world's commerce.

As we sail away from Constantinople, we have our last glimpse of the city, and the one we always like best to remember: the shining white city, standing like a queen looking out over her subject waters. All her defects are forgotten, and the picture which we carry away is only of her gleaming white palaces and slender minarets set in the encircling blue of her waters.

ATHENS, THE CRADLE OF ART AND STORY

EARLY in the morning we are on deck, watching for the first sight of Greece. All about us lie islands or capes near which the ship winds in and out on her way to the bay of Piræus, where we are to land and take the train for Athens. By six o'clock Salamis comes in sight, and we see the point of land where the Persian king, Xerxes, once sat and watched the great naval battle that destroyed his fleet. That famous battle happened nearly five hundred years before Christ, when the Persians, at that time the most powerful and wealthy nation in the world, came against the little city of Athens, because the Athenians had tried to help some Greek cities in Asia that the Persians were oppressing. The little city heard that they were coming and begged help from some other small Greek towns; and strange to say, the Athenians totally defeated the Persians, on land at Marathon, and on sea in the battle fought in the strait of Salamis, which we are now passing through.

“ A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;— all were his !
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they? ”



THE BAY OF SALAMIS

So the great Persian king, Xerxes, had to come down in a hurry from the golden throne he had had put up on the mountain overlooking the strait, where he had supposed he would have the pleasure of seeing his great fleet destroy the poor little ships of the Athenians quite as easily as a boy would crush little paper boats in his hand. He is said to have wept in his rage and disappointment as he hurried away with his army, leaving only the scattered fragments of his mighty fleet. Perhaps we ought to feel sorry for the big baby; but certainly we cannot help admiring the courage of a city that was ready to meet such fearful odds to keep its liberty; and even you and I to-day ought to be thankful to Themistocles and his brave soldiers for that victory at Salamis.

You cannot see why a battle fought five hundred years before Christ should have anything to do with us, who live nineteen hundred years after Christ and many thousands

of miles away? You have heard of Greek art, and have seen copies of famous Greek statues. You have even read some Greek literature, though perhaps you did not know that all those delightful stories in the "Wonder Book" or in "Tanglewood Tales" or in Kingsley's "Greek Heroes" were first told by Greek authors who wrote nearly three thousand years ago. But if the Persians had won in that great battle, who can say what would have happened to that Greek civilization which has done so much for modern civilization? It would doubtless have stopped short, never to go again, like a broken clock, and perhaps the history of the world would have been changed. But the plucky little city of Athens, that was not afraid to meet an enemy many times her size, showed what has been proved many times since in history, that skill and earnestness and courage are worth many times as much as mere numbers of men or excellence of weapons. One of the old Greeks, in telling the story, says that the Persians went into battle "under the lash," which means that the poor, cowardly fellows were whipped by their leaders to make them fight. How quickly they would run away when the chance came!

We pass the little rocky point from which, so the story runs, Ægeus threw himself into the sea when the ships of his son Theseus came in sight with their black sails still hoisted. Theseus had slain the Minotaur, but forgot that his father was watching for the joyful signal of white sails. It is this story which has given the name to the Ægean Sea, through which we have been sailing all night.

Soon we see faintly in the distance the famous height called the Acropolis, and on it, distinguishable through our

opera glasses, the most noted and beautiful building of the ancient world, the Parthenon. Behind rises the conical hill called Lycabettus; then Hymettus, still famous, as it was among the old Greeks, for its honey; and on the horizon Mt. Pentelikon, where were quarried the shining white marbles out of which the great Athenian temples were built.

We in America travel a long distance, sometimes, to see such mountains as bound the horizon everywhere here in Greece. The country is so tiny that it seems to consist entirely of mountains, to look at it on the map. But between the many ranges are small pieces of level, rather barren land, each of which used to be a state in the ancient days, with its own government and its own king or archon. These little states were very jealous of each other and quarreled fiercely. Sometimes when a great enemy like Persia came against all Greece, they would forget their disagreements for a time and fight side by side. But even at such times the generals were so jealous of each other that they would not have a commander-in-chief; each of them in turn would have command for one day. No wonder that poor little Greece lost her boasted independence, first to King Philip of Macedon and later to Rome. Her fate has been a warning to all nations.

The Romans ruled the country for many centuries. When the Roman Empire broke in two, Greece was kept by what was called the Eastern Empire and ruled from Constantinople. At last, in 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, and soon after that time Greece became a part of the Turkish Empire.

The Greeks had been Christians then for many centuries, members of the Greek Catholic church, and the Turks, who were Mohammedans, oppressed them. For three centuries the Greeks were butchered or sold into slavery at the will of their cruel masters. Yet in spite of all this oppression they still kept in their hearts their longing for freedom, and in 1821 they rose in a great revolt against Turkey. At first they took the Turkish garrisons by surprise and were everywhere successful. But before long the superior numbers of the Turks began to crush the rebellion and matters seemed desperate for the struggling patriots. Then help came. The Turkish conquerors were so cruel, and butchered in cold blood so many innocent men, women, and children that the attention of all civilized Europe was attracted, and volunteers for the Greek army and money for the cause of Greek independence began to pour in from every direction. The great English poet, Lord Byron, came to help them, and he stirred up English sympathy in their behalf. With such powerful aid, Greece finally succeeded in throwing off the Turkish yoke, and since 1832 has been once more an independent country.

The centuries during which the Greeks were little more than slaves made them feel a bitter hatred for everything Turkish, which lasts to the present time. In 1897 popular outcry fairly forced the Greek king and parliament into a war with Turkey in the hope that they might free their Macedonian cousins from the sultan. But this time the rest of Europe left Greece to do her own fighting, and the Turks were victorious.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT ATHENS

Greece is a constitutional monarchy, governed by a parliament and king. The present ruler, King Constantine II, lives in a palace in Athens in the winter, and has a summer residence at Corfu, a beautiful island off the west coast of Greece.

Greece is one of the smallest countries in Europe, containing about twenty-five thousand square miles of territory, only one third the size of our state of Illinois. But if she is a country of mountains, she is quite as much a country of the sea. Smaller in extent than Portugal, her seacoast is as great as that of all Spain and Portugal together. Innumerable gulfs and bays indent her coasts, so that from almost every high point in the land the blue waters of the Mediterranean flash on the view. A land of mountains means a rugged, hardy, independent people,

and a land of the sea means brave, adventurous spirits, a race of sailors, a people fond of commerce. The Greeks are all these. Greek ships carry much of the commerce of the eastern Mediterranean, and all along the shores of Turkey and Asia Minor are Greek bankers and merchants. Indeed it is said that only one fifth of the Greeks actually live in their own country of Greece; the other eight millions are living in Egypt or Syria or Turkey, or perhaps even far away from their fatherland under strange American skies.

It is fortunate that the sea gives occupation to so many of the Greeks, for their tiny mountainous land is not adapted to the support of a large population. The soil is excel-



AN ATHENIAN FRUIT SELLER

lent in many parts, but as the rain falls only in the winter time, in the long, hot summers the crops dry up unless irrigated. There are but few rivers, and they are all small and provide no water power; and as there is no coal in the country, there is practically no manufacturing. The interior of the land is sparsely populated, so there is very little demand for railroads. Trade is carried on principally in vessels along the coasts, and in the many excellent harbors we shall find ships from all over the world.

One of the finest of these deep harbors is that of the Piræus, the seaport for Athens, the largest city and the capital of Greece. It is this city which we are approaching



• THE PIRÆUS

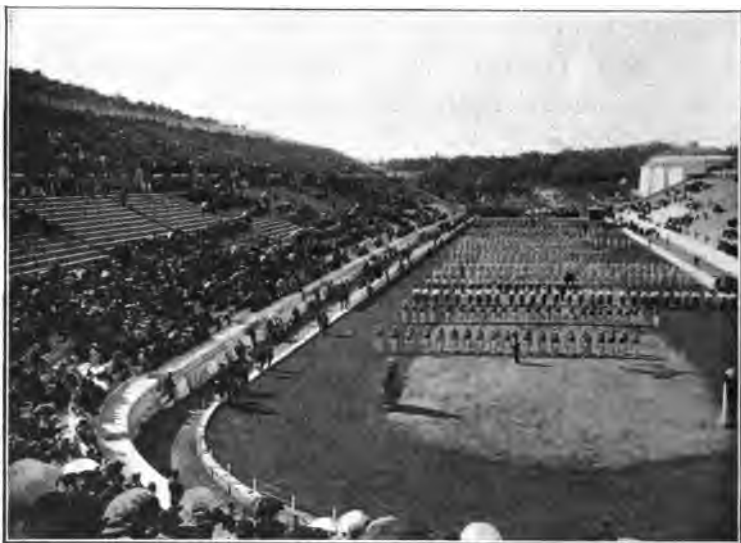
as we steam slowly past Salamis and turn toward the land. Through a narrow passage between piers we enter the bay of Piræus and look out over the harbor, crowded with great vessels. Not far from our anchorage lies the Greek royal yacht. A little farther off are three great Russian men-of-war. It seems to be washing day on board them, for all the ropes are hung with bedding and clothes, giving the big vessels a very undignified air — just as if we had come in the back way and stumbled into the kitchen by mistake.

The weather is radiantly bright and warm; the sky is a deep blue and the air so clear that the hills on the horizon look very near. The temperature is so mild that it seems like June. Yet we are coming to Greece at the coldest time of its year. It rarely snows or freezes here, and though the winter nights are chilly, the days are usually almost hot at noon if the sky is cloudless. In summer it is intensely hot in Athens, but not far away in the mountains

the climate is pleasant. All Greece suffers greatly at times in the summer from the hot sirocco which blows across the Mediterranean from the African deserts like the blast from a furnace, scorching the vegetation and prostrating travelers from northern climes. The cold of winter is due to the winds from the high mountains at the north. The city of Athens is sheltered from these winds, and has a truly delightful climate in winter.

A short ride by rail from the Piræus brings us to the Omonia station in Athens, where we step into a carriage for a drive through the modern city. We stop at the Museum, the University, and several other handsome modern buildings. All of Athens is clean and well-built, with wide streets and boulevards, good electric cars in every direction, and fine buildings here and there. In the center of the town is an open square or park, called the Place de la Constitution; along one side of this park is the king's palace, and around it most of the good hotels are grouped.

But we have come to see the ancient city, which, even in ruins, is more interesting to us than the modern. Let us go first to the Stadium, which is a sort of link between the ancient and the modern, because it has recently been rebuilt and is now used for athletic contests, just as it was in ancient times. It was originally an outdoor theater, with seats built on rising ground around an ellipse six hundred and seventy feet long. In it were held all kinds of athletic games, and it is said that the seats which rose on all sides of the natural hollow in which it was built could accommodate fifty thousand spectators. These seats were of white Pentelic marble; but during the Dark Ages, while the



IN THE STADIUM

Turks held this place, the marble was all stripped off and burned for the lime that was in it. Not long ago a rich Greek of Alexandria, named Averof, gave a large sum of money to restore the Stadium, and once more the quarries on Mt. Pentelicon were drawn upon for the marble which rapidly brought back the old beauty to the place. On this bright morning the sunlight is flashing back from tiers of dazzling white marble seats, and the Stadium looks as it did when it was first built, more than two thousand years ago.

Next we go to see the Olympeion, the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, which was one of the largest in the ancient world. Originally the temple was surrounded by a double row of lofty columns, one hundred in all. Now



THE OLYMPIEION

With the Acropolis in the background

no trace of the building itself is left. The ruins of lofty columns lie scattered about on the ground, and fifteen of them, much disfigured and weather-worn, still remain erect, thirteen in a group at one end. They are fifty-six and a half feet high, and five and a half feet in diameter. Time has worn and discolored the white marble of which they were made until it is a rich yellow, but they are still so beautiful that they help us to picture to ourselves the majestic and graceful building of which they were once a part.

We have seen many pictures of the Acropolis, but no one of them can tell half its beauty. The modern city lies quite apart from it, so that the shining marbles of its



THE ACROPOLIS

ruined temples stand out against the deep blue sky in a peaceful calm which does not suggest the nearness of a great metropolis. It has a dignity and solitude that very few ancient ruins can have now, when they are, as a rule, elbowed close by factories and business blocks.

The Acropolis itself is a great limestone rock, about two hundred feet high, eleven hundred feet long, and four hundred and fifty feet wide, which rises on what is now the extreme southern edge of the modern city. Originally it was the fortress of Athens, and for that reason the nearly perpendicular sides were smoothed off as much as possible, and retaining walls were built in places. Then the top was made nearly level so that buildings might be put on it. Thus the Athenians had a natural fortress that was accessible only on the southwest corner, where they built the approaches. When the city ceased to use it as a fortress,

it became a sacred spot where beautiful temples to the Greek gods were erected and statues of famous men were set up. The buildings were adorned with carvings so perfect that they have served as models for artists ever since; and the temples have never been surpassed, or indeed equalled in beauty by any architects since that time. They were world-famous then, four hundred years before Christ, and have remained so ever since.

What a pity it is that they should be in ruins! For these ruins are not merely the results of natural causes, such as earthquakes and the wearing away of the marbles by the weather. When the Turks conquered Greece, they cared nothing for the beauty of these structures (since they were to them only heathen temples), and used the Acropolis once more as a fortress. In the Parthenon, the most famous building in the world, they fortified themselves when the Venetians besieged them; and a bomb falling into the powder stored in the building caused an explosion which threw that marvel of art into a mass of ruins. Moreover they knocked the heads off the statues they found there and used them as cannon balls.

We commence our steep ascent of the Acropolis on foot through what is called the Beule Gate, in honor of the Frenchman who discovered it. The Turks had covered up the entrance with their fortifications, and it was discovered and dug out again less than a century ago. We have a stiff climb over steep and slippery rocks and up broken stone steps till we come to the temple of the Wingless Victory, tiny, but a perfect gem in its beauty. In ancient times it was the custom to represent Victory as a beautiful



THE TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY

woman with wings, which signified that victory never stayed long with any one nation, but flew away soon to some other. The Greeks, however, were so proud of their victory over the Persians that they declared they could never be conquered. So they erected this beautiful little temple, and placed within it a statue of Victory without wings.

The temple stands alone on a stone platform twenty-six feet high, and is on the extreme corner of the hill. From it there is a magnificent view extending for miles along the seashore. It was at one time only a heap of ruins, for

the Turks destroyed it to put a battery at this corner. But in 1835 the fragments were all carefully fitted together, just as we might put together a picture puzzle or a house of tiny building blocks, and now the temple looks as it did when it was first built, more than two thousand years ago.

Another climb up high steps, worn slippery by thousands of feet, through the Propylæa, or great colonnade, and we are at last on the very top of the Acropolis with the Parthenon close at hand on our right. The ground is thickly strewn with fragments of statuary, broken columns, and bits of marble with portions of Greek words on them or parts of carvings. Here were once many fine statues, among them the far-famed one of Athene, the patron goddess of Athens, made out of the spoils of the battle of Marathon by Phidiás, the greatest of Greek sculptors. It was made of bronze, and was sixty-six feet high, so that the point of the spear which the goddess carried was a landmark for vessels on the Ægean Sea. Not the smallest fragment of it is left.

The Parthenon, you remember, was blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine in it; but accomplished architects have pieced together as many of the fragments as possible, and from the front a very good idea of the original structure can be obtained. Work is going on all the time in the hope that more of the fragments may be identified and pieced into their places, and it is probable that every year these beautiful ruins will approach nearer and nearer their original appearance. When we look at the thousands of tiny pieces under our feet, the task seems hopeless. Suppose you took a hammer and smashed the



THE PARTHENON

little marble statue of the Venus of Milo that stands in your school library into a hundred pieces, and then tried to glue them together to make the statue again. That would be something like the work of the architects and scholars who are busy on top of the Acropolis. Fortunately most of the buildings here were so famous that many drawings of them were made and descriptions written before they were destroyed. So the patient workmen know what they are working toward at any rate.

Not all of the Parthenon is here, however. When Lord Elgin, the British ambassador to Turkey, saw the remains in 1799, he found many of the sculptures which had adorned

it in fairly good preservation. He procured from the sultan's government permission to take away "a few blocks of stone with inscriptions and figures," and under cover of this order employed a great force of workmen, who systematically robbed the ruins of all the removable adornments. Not content even with taking all he could find among the piles of ruins, he actually had torn from its place in the Portico of the Maidens, opposite the Parthenon, one of the exquisitely beautiful figures which supported the roof. The result was that the roof fell in and others of the figures were harmed. All these works of art he carried off to England and sold to the British government. They are now exhibited in London in the British Museum, where an entire room is devoted to the "Elgin Marbles."

The Parthenon was originally built as a temple for Athene, whom the Romans called Minerva. The ancient Greeks had a story that Neptune, the god of the sea, and Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and warfare, both claimed the city as theirs. The gods decided that the one who should give the best gift to mankind should have the city. Neptune thereupon struck the earth with his trident and a horse leaped forth; Minerva touched the ground with the point of her spear, and the olive tree sprang up. The olive was pronounced the better gift, and the city was therefore Athene's. Her statue, made of ivory and gold by Phidias, stood inside the temple. Once a year, at the time of the goddess's birthday, a great procession bearing a most gorgeous and richly embroidered robe as an offering for the goddess moved through the streets of Athens



IN THE PARTHENON

and up the ascent to the Acropolis to make sacrifices before this statue in the Parthenon.

The marble of which the temple is built has now turned to a soft yellow, faintly tinged in places with pink. No doubt it was more beautiful when it was white, but it is hard to conceive of any effect more impressive than these yellow columns, outlined against the intense blue of the Grecian sky. Nowhere in the world is there anything to equal its majestic and simple loveliness. Our own Emerson in one of his poems says:

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone.”

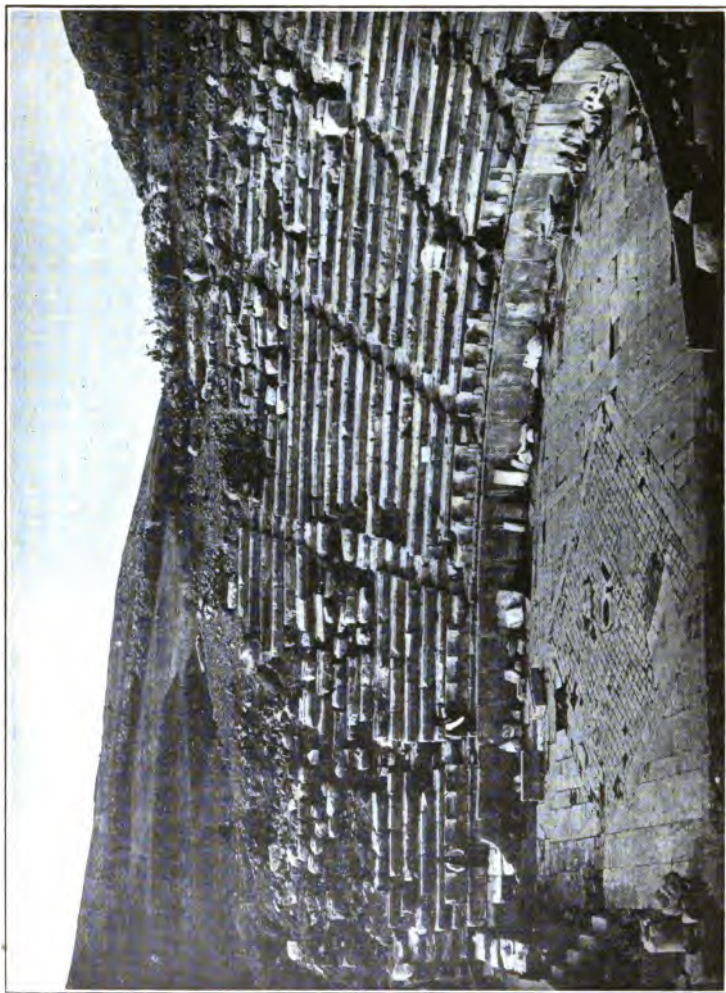
We walk its uneven stone floor, where the grass is growing in patches and tiny yellow and white flowers lift their little heads, and we look up at the sky which is its only roof,



THE PORTICO OF THE MAIDENS

feeling that the long journey across the seas has been worth while for this one morning alone.

For an hour or more we wander around the quiet grassy stretch on the top of the Acropolis, picking the tiny flowers or enjoying the view of the city lying at our feet. Far away to the south the Ægean Sea is flashing in the sunlight. The old Greeks fancied that the nymphs were dancing there in their silver slippers, the beautiful maidens themselves invisible to mortals. We watch the workmen piecing together parts of the Erechtheum, a building on the corner of the Acropolis opposite the Parthenon; the Portico of the Maidens is a part of it. The figure which Lord Elgin carried off has been replaced by one made of terra cotta. New



THEATER OF DIONYSUS

marble has been put in to replace parts completely lost, and the whole effect is rather patchy. But time will correct this by softening the whiteness of the marble.

On the south slope of the Acropolis we examine the ruins of the theater of Dionysus and look at what is left of the Odeion, which was built by a rich Roman and intended as a sort of music hall or opera house. Theaters were always out-of-door places in ancient times, and were built on the slope of a hill whenever possible, so that the people might sit on the hillsides and look down at the stage. Dionysus was the Greek god of wine, the dance, and the drama, and this theater on the side of the Acropolis was originally part of his temple. The stage is gone, but the orchestra is still in nearly perfect condition. This is a semi-circular place in front of the stage where the chorus in the old Greek plays stood, and in the middle of which was an altar to the god. In the front row of seats were great marble chairs for the chief priests and rulers of the city. These are so large that we are quite lost in them, and we think it must have been hard to sit in them through the five hours that a Greek play lasted.

From the Acropolis we go around to the west to the Hill of Mars. The Greeks used to have a story that it was here all the gods met in council to try Mars for the murder of a man who had hurt his little daughter Alcippe. He was set free, and ever after the hill was called the Areopagus, which means Mars' Hill. On its top was held the highest court of Athens.

It is a rocky hill, nearly four hundred feet high, flat on top, but with sides so steep that we must go up by a flight



ON THE AREOPAGUS

of steps which has been cut out of the rock. It was from this hill that St. Paul spoke to the Athenians and told them of the "unknown God." What courage it must have taken for him to stand up and face those magnificent heathen temples on the Acropolis and tell the people who built them and honored the gods they were built for that the "God that made the world and all things therein, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is served by men's hands, as though he needed anything!"

There are so many interesting things to see in Athens that we must spend several days at least in the city. On the second morning we begin our sightseeing with the Theseum, a very ancient temple dedicated to Theseus. It was once very beautiful, and is still the best preserved of all the ancient Greek structures; but it has been so shaken by earthquakes and worn away by the action of the

weather that little more is left of its ancient beauty than the simple and majestic outlines. The white color of the marble has changed to a brownish yellow, the fine carvings have been worn away or broken, and the great fluted columns which surround it have been so shaken by the frequent earthquakes which occur in these mountainous regions that they plainly show the places where they are joined. The columns which usually surround Greek temples were not hewn out of one piece of marble, but were made from several blocks placed one on top of another without mortar between; and if an earthquake comes, it jostles the blocks apart so that the column falls much more easily than if it were made in one piece.

While visiting Athens we spend one day in an excursion to Marathon, one of the most famous battlefields in the world. It was here that the Athenians, with the help of a few men from the little town of Plataea, met the Persian army and defeated it on land as they did afterward on the sea at Salamis. It is said that there were one hundred thousand Persians in the battle, against only ten thousand Athenians; but the Athenians were struggling for their homes and their liberty, and fought with a courage that nothing could withstand.

We start early, for we have twenty-two miles to go. The road winds around the foot of Mt. Pentelikon, along the banks of a mountain torrent which dries up entirely in summer. Here and there we see a tiny hut, but the land seems rather desolate and the country uncultivated. Near a large farmhouse with a wine press, the carriage stops. Pretty children run out to show us the way down to the



THE FIELD OF MARATHON

battlefield and try to sell us pieces of arrows or other relics, which our guide tells us were made in Germany.

The field looks very much like any other in the neighborhood, except that in the middle is a low mound, partly covered with bushes. This is all that is left of the mound which was raised over the graves of those who fell in that day's fighting, and probably marks the spot where the struggle was fiercest. Once a monument of Victory stood here, but no trace of it is now left. Close at hand to the south lies the pretty bay of Marathon, and to the north rise the mountains —

“ The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,”

sang Lord Byron. Quiet enough is that green field now. Very few people come here. Blue sky, lofty mountains, shining sea, and a barren and desolate plain — such is Marathon to-day, where “peace has found a heritage in the forgotten haunts of war.”

Back in Athens again, we drive to a number of other ancient monuments and buildings and spend an hour or two in the National Museum, where we see several famous statues. Then we try to get from the Museum to the railway station by street car and have an amusing time finding our way, since we cannot speak modern Greek and no one on the car or the street understands either French or English. This is not the first city we have visited where we have been at a loss for a common language. All through the Levant, we have had to rely on guides and dragomans for assistance in talking, but in a European country we had supposed our French would be understood.

At the Piræus we see a Greek soldier in the Albanian costume, and snap the camera at him. He wears a white shirt and very full skirt; his knee breeches and stockings are also white, though soiled; and his garters and slippers



A GREEK SOLDIER

with big rosettes on them are red. The cloak of this soldier is red, too; but some of them are of green or other bright colors. Most of the Greeks are dressed just as people are with us, but occasionally we have seen the Albanian or old peasant costume.

Late on a beautiful afternoon, our steamer lifts her anchor. As we pass the Russian men-of-war, everything on board is in perfect order; all their bands are playing Yankee Doodle and America in our honor, and all the Jackies are drawn up on parade, cheering us. Other vessels, too, salute us, and our band then plays in reply the Russian and the Greek national hymns, as we steam slowly out of the harbor toward Salamis, bathed in the gold of the sunset. Now we understand why Athens is the "City of the Violet Crown," when we look back and catch our last glimpse of the Acropolis, faint in the purple haze of the evening, against the background of the violet-tinted hills.

MALTA, THE ISLAND FORTRESS

WE are looking forward with a great deal of interest to seeing Malta. It is a strongly fortified island belonging to Great Britain, and in the Mediterranean its defenses are second in strength only to Gibraltar. It has had many changes of fortune and has sustained many famous sieges. The Phœnicians are said to have colonized it fourteen hundred years before Christ; Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, and Arabs fought for its possession; and in 1530 it finally fell to the Knights of St. John, a band of gentlemen and nobles of all nations who had taken the vows of a priestly life and were to use that life in fighting the Turks, the great enemies of Christianity. The knights used to wear the Maltese cross on their shoulders.

The Turks succeeded in driving the knights from their other strongholds, but on this tiny rocky island with its precipitous sides they successfully resisted many attacks, and one fearful siege in 1565. It was after this famous victory that the grand master of the knights, who now called themselves the Knights of Malta, built the city of Valetta, named after himself. The harbor was constructed at an enormous expense of labor and money, and the entrance was protected by two prodigiously strong forts. The money was contributed by grateful and admiring Catholics



IN VALETTA HARBOR

in return for the great service the knights had rendered to the Christian nations of Europe.

In 1798 Malta was surrendered by treachery to the French under Napoleon Bonaparte; and in 1800 the English took it, and have held it ever since. They keep a garrison of five thousand soldiers on the island, and there are always plenty of warships in the harbor.

One other fact about Malta is interesting to us; it is the island on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, and where he lived for three months in a cave which is still shown to visitors. As it is in the north part of the island, we

shall not see it. But we read over the account of the shipwreck in the book of Acts. The island was called Melita in those days.

We wake up in the harbor of Valetta in the morning, and wonder how the ship ever reached it. The channel entering the harbor is so narrow and winding that it seems as if we were surrounded on all sides by land, or rather by the great walls of the stone forts, which rise almost from the water's edge. The harbor, sixty feet deep and well sheltered from storms, is one of the finest in the Mediterranean; and as the island is situated almost in the center of the sea from east to west and in the line of travel between Italy and Africa, it is of great importance in time of war. Gibraltar and Malta, tiny as they seem, are yet the principal bulwarks of the naval supremacy of Great Britain. "Britannia rules the wave" largely because she maintains these two strongly fortified rocks which command the commerce of the Mediterranean. Fort St. Elmo and Fort Ricasoli face each other on opposite sides of the harbor, and no battleship can pass them. It is said that Fort St. Elmo is so strongly built and so well situated that it can never be taken by an attack of any kind.

Again we must get into small boats to be landed, but these are curious ones with high prows and sterns, and the oarsmen stand up to row, one in each end. In the middle of some of them is a wheel, used in drawing up the fish nets, for they are fishing boats. There are such swarms of little boats that we count them, and find that there are sixty-five within thirty or forty rods of the steamer.

We are soon toiling up the narrow chasm hewn in the rocky side of the island. Malta is very much like Gibraltar in its formation — simply an immense rock standing out of the Mediterranean; and it has taken centuries of toil on the part of the inhabitants to convert its barren surface into fertile soil. Originally there was scarcely any soil on it, and even now it appears at first sight to be quite without vegetation. But by patient industry the Maltese have succeeded in pulverizing the upper layer of the rock into a soil that is marvelously fertile, and by means of irrigation rich crops can be raised from it. After the hay or grain harvest in May and June, cotton is sown, and is ready to be gathered by December. Fruit is also very abundant, particularly oranges, lemons, and figs.

La Valetta, or Valetta as it is more often called, the capital of this island, consists chiefly of narrow, steep streets. After a long climb we come out on a level part where the principal avenue, the Strada Reale, runs, and where we find St. George's Square and the governor-general's palace.

Already, early in the morning, the Strada Reale is crowded with people, principally children, who, much to our surprise, are wearing all sorts of fantastic costumes, and are rushing around, tooting horns and throwing handfuls of confetti at each other. The street is already strewn with confetti, and an English shopkeeper explains that it is the day of the Children's Carnival. We are fortunate to have arrived on such a gala day.

We wander along the streets for some time, watching the crowds, and especially interested in the queer dresses



GOATS WAITING TO BE MILKED

of the women and in the herds of long-haired goats trotting industriously along from door to door and being milked as we saw them in Spain. Here the goats are very pretty creatures with long hair and delicate, sensitive ears. We get a picture of some of them waiting at a door; the old bellwether who leads the flock is at their head and looks with interest at the camera.

This picture shows also a woman in the dress peculiar to the Maltese women. It looks like the dress of a nun, for it is entirely black. The outside garment is a black silk cape, one side of which is stiffened, and this side is worn over the head like a black silk sunbonnet. The chil-

dren and men dress as we do; but the women still cling to the quaint costume worn in the middle ages.

The Maltese are a strange people, cheerful, industrious, and sober, but very quick tempered. They are a mixture of all the races who have dwelt on this little island, and their language is as peculiar as they are. It is a combination of Italian and Arabic. The island has belonged to England for a century now, but the Maltese still speak their strange tongue and cling to their unique customs. The poorer class live on bread, olives, oil, and cheese, rarely tasting meat and using very little wine. They are great sailors, and are well known throughout the Mediterranean countries for their commercial enterprise.

That they are a very industrious people, men and women alike, is shown by the excellent crops of fruit the men raise from such a barren rock and the quantities of lace which the women make. This we see on sale everywhere, besides inlaid woods and silver filigree ornaments. Every ship load of tourists like ours carries away several thousand dollars' worth of the lace, which is made of silk and has a heavy mesh.

We find the palace of the governor a very interesting place. It was formerly the palace of the grand master of the Knights of St. John, and in it are many mementoes of those old warriors; old battle-axes and swords, beautiful coats of mail inlaid in gold and steel, ancient cannon, and the portraits and coats of arms of the grand masters and the knights. The palace is built around a very pretty courtyard, filled with trees and shrubbery.

But the most famous building in Valetta, outside of the

great forts, is the old church of St. John, built by the knights in 1573. Here the grand masters and the knights were buried. The tombs of the masters, along the walls, are decorated with carved and colored marbles, and the floor is composed almost wholly of slabs which cover the graves of the knights. We listen to the chime of ten bells which hang in one of the two great towers on the front, and look curiously at a clock which has three dials to show the hour, the day, and the month. Once the church contained many valuable articles, but when the island was surrendered to the French, Napoleon plundered the church and carried off its treasures to France.

After luncheon, we take a carriage and drive out of the town along a country road for an hour or two, meeting many herds of goats, donkey carts piled with fruits and vegetables, and every now and then English soldiers in their bright red jackets and tiny little round red caps, worn on one side of the head.

The road is carefully built with occasional bridges and viaducts, so that it is fairly level. When we reach an abandoned fort called the Upper Barocca we get out of the carriage and climb up into it to get a fine view out over the city and the water. We watch through a field glass with a great deal of interest the signaling from the fort on this side of the harbor to the forts on the other side — wigwagging, it is called. There is an arrangement on the very topmost point of the fort much like a jumping jack and taller than a man. First one arm goes up, then the other; then perhaps they will both drop and a leg will kick out; then a long string of flags will be run up on the

head, one by one. There is an endless variety of positions the creature can get into, and about as many different kinds of flags, and no doubt it is spelling out many interesting messages if we could only understand the English military code.

But it is time to return, so down, down we drive, slowly, for the streets are steep and slippery, so much so that the sidewalks are often only flights of broad steps. We stop for a picture of one of the steep streets with its step sidewalk where a child is playing with two goats. She must think the camera is going to hurt her, for she turns and runs away as fast as she can, the goats looking after her in grave astonishment.

Malta has a delightful winter climate. It is quite like summer, always pleasant and warm, so that flowers bloom and fruit ripens all the year round. But it is very hot in summer, and the poor English soldiers, used to the cool, rainy weather of the British Isles, must suffer greatly when the hot sirocco from the African deserts sweeps across the little island.

ITALY, THE TREASURE HOUSE OF ART AND BEAUTY

I. NAPLES

LAST evening, in the twilight, we saw the rugged slopes of Mt. *Ætna* in Sicily, a tiny cloud of smoke just above its summit. That was our first glimpse of Italy. As the light faded we lost sight of the land, except that now and then we saw clusters of lights and knew that we were passing the cities of Reggio and Messina, on opposite sides of the Straits of Messina, which lie between Italy and Sicily. A short time ago these cities were flourishing seaports, of great commercial importance. Messina was a city of one hundred fifty thousand inhabitants, and the largest town in Sicily. Now they are struggling to recover from the effects of a terrible earthquake which a few years ago threw down their houses and killed or injured thousands of their inhabitants.

All this coast is of volcanic origin. The mountains rise oftentimes in great precipices from the sea, and small rocky islands lie near the shore. Such a country is sure to suffer from frequent earthquakes; and the smoke of Mount *Ætna* is a constant reminder of the disaster which may come at any moment to those bold enough to live in its shadow. But though small earthquakes had occurred repeatedly in this region, and several serious outbreaks of the volcano

are recorded in history, no one had any warning of the terrible calamity that fell upon this green coast on the morning of December 28, 1908. One of the most destructive earthquakes ever known shook the island of Sicily and the district opposite Messina, on the mainland of Italy, killing seventy thousand people and annihilating whole

towns. Messina was entirely destroyed, scarcely a building being left standing.

Immediately after the earthquake, the sea receded from the shore, and gathering a tremendous force as it rolled back toward the land, swept its waters over the doomed cities in a tidal wave fifteen feet high. Thousands of the survivors of the earthquake were crushed



IN MESSINA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

or drowned by the wave, and most of the ships in the harbors were torn from their anchorage and wrecked upon the rocky shores.

Within a few hours measures for the relief of the sufferers were being taken. From all over the world money and supplies flowed into the stricken district, our own

country sending nearly two millions of dollars. The Red Cross Society, organized for the purpose of caring for the sufferers in great calamities, had its officers on the ground in a few hours, and everything possible was done to rescue the survivors and care for the injured. But the unfortunate cities will long show heaps of ruins, though the inhabitants, with great courage and persistence, have rebuilt their homes and are attempting to re-establish their commerce.

From our vessel we could see nothing of the terrible results of the earthquake, but it saddened our thoughts as we looked toward the twinkling lights of Messina.

By ten o'clock in the morning we are at anchor in the harbor of Naples, in southwest Italy, on the beautiful bay of Naples. A little to the east of the city a single mountain lifts its gradual slopes, dark against the



LOOKING ACROSS THE BAY AT VESUVIUS

intense blue of this Italian sky, and a tiny puff of smoke which comes from the topmost point every few minutes tells us at once that we are looking at the famous volcano of Mt. Vesuvius, the only active volcano on the mainland of Europe.

Naples is the largest city in all Italy, having some half million inhabitants; it is also Italy's greatest seaport and one of its most important commercial cities. We are at once captivated by its beautiful situation, which, like the site of Constantinople, is often said to be the most charming in Europe. It lies on the shore of a graceful curve in the blue Mediterranean and is backed by mountains whose slopes its white houses climb. High above it on one side is the picturesque ruin of an old fort; on the other the black bulk of Vesuvius stands, a gloomy reminder of death.

The main part of the city is well built, with handsome well-paved streets, modern shops, and magnificent palaces and public buildings. Here are whole streets full of jewelry shops selling nothing but necklaces of the dainty pink coral which is found in the Mediterranean. We examine many of them and learn that Naples is the center of the coral industry, more varieties being brought here for manufacture into jewelry than to any other place. In color, the coral ranges from a bright red to a most delicate shade of pink, the price rising as the color grows lighter.

All sorts of beautiful jewelry in dainty shapes is made here, and we find that tortoise-shell combs and pins and Roman pearls are important exports also. The Roman pearls are made by stamping beads out of sheets of alabaster, a kind of rare and expensive marble. These beads

are then dipped in a liquid containing silver in solution, and polished by hand; the finished bead has a pearly luster surprisingly like the real jewel. They are not intended for imitations of pearls, but are quite beautiful enough in themselves. As they are made of alabaster, they are solid and unbreakable.

Glove shops too we find in bewildering numbers, with gloves at prices that seem ridiculously small to Americans. This is one of the best places in the world to buy kid gloves, and they are exported in great quantities.

We are anxious now to wander down some of the narrow lanes we see opening from the broad modern thoroughfares. Here the houses are six or eight stories in height, and the population is so dense that the people overflow their houses into the street. In cool weather they sleep indoors, it is true, but as a rule they use their rooms only at night. By day they live in the streets or on the tiny balconies which are in front of nearly every window.

Here is a young woman washing her baby in a dish that looks suspiciously like a saucepan. She is sitting on the curbstone, chatting and laughing with a neighbor who is combing her hair for the day. A third woman, peeling onions, joins in the conversation from the balcony on the third floor. Her three children are seated at her feet, eating their breakfast of bread and onions. To-morrow they may have olives instead of onions, and for dinner they will enjoy their roasted chestnuts and dried fish quite as much as American children do roast beef and baked potatoes. They are not overburdened with clothes, these tiny Italians, and we wonder how they can keep warm.

But indoors they live in small apartments, perhaps an entire family in a single room; so they keep each other warm. Outdoors there is almost always the glorious Italian sunshine, such sunshine as is seen nowhere else, for here the air is wonderfully clear and the sun's rays seem yellower and warmer than in other less favored climes.

Nature has certainly been kind to the Neapolitan. He has before his eyes always one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world. In winter he needs no furnace. And in summer? Ah, you and I would find it terribly hot; but the Neapolitan seems merely to soak up the heat and store it away for winter use, while he lies down and dreams away the hottest part of the day.

We find these narrow, crowded streets none too clean, and the odors that hang around them are sometimes very disagreeable. That is not strange when we consider the density of the population, and the heat, and lack of water. The people are far from neat, but they have plenty of other virtues. The Neapolitans are the gayest and happiest people in the world, and surely happiness may be called a virtue.

Look at that tiny lad dressed in ragged trousers and the remains of what may have been his mother's blouse some years ago. He is feeding his little donkey carrot tops which he has just picked up from the gutter. He is thin, and looks as if he had never had a square meal or a bath in his life. But as long as the sun shines and he can love his faithful little beastie he is as happy as a king, and shows it in every glance of his great dark eyes and in every gleam of his shining white teeth.

These poor streets are everywhere so full of people that our driver has to keep his whip cracking all the time to warn them to get out of our way, but they all seem bubbling over with happiness, always chattering, gesticulating, laughing.

Neapolitan life may best be seen in Santa Lucia, once a cramped and dirty lane, but now rebuilt into a broad and well-paved street, running along the water front. Here the fisher folk live, and here are sold the crabs, lobsters, oysters, sea urchins, and other sea delicacies which the Neapolitans call "fruits of the sea." Tall, rambling, old houses line the city side of the

street. When we look up the narrow alleys between them we wonder that any one in Naples can be wearing dirty clothes, so many loaded clotheslines are stretched between opposite windows. The bright-colored garments, waving



A STREET IN NAPLES

and flapping in the breeze, look like fantastic dolls trying to fly. Old fishermen sit along in front of the oyster stalls, mending their nets or making lobster traps out of willow withes, untroubled by the crowds of half-naked children tumbling about in the middle of the street.

Hark! What is that music? A hush falls over the throng; the street suddenly empties; men stand up and reverently lift their hats from their brown curls; women and children fall on their knees and cross themselves. The music grows louder; and down the street we see approaching a funeral procession.

First comes a company of hired mourners, dressed in white robes, a hood drawn over head and face, with slits cut in it for the eyes. Each carries a long candle in his hand. Then follow men bearing great wreaths of flowers tied with long purple and black ribbons, the ends of which are carried by little girls dressed in white. Next come the musicians, and finally the hearse, surrounded and followed by gentlemen on foot, dressed in black, with high silk hats. A carriage or two comes last, probably carrying the relatives of the dead man. All pass by us very slowly, the mourners chanting a sorrowful hymn and looking like dreadful ghosts.

Gay as the Neapolitans are, their city is not entirely a pleasant one to live in. Pickpockets abound, and we must watch carefully or some of the little packages we are carrying will be jerked away from us by some man who will mingle in the crowd so quickly that we cannot catch him. One of the ladies of our party has her purse stolen before she is two blocks from the boat landing, on a busy



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

street and in the presence of fifty people. But as she cannot speak Italian no one pays any attention to her, and she has to watch the thief walk away down a cross street. Another, sitting in a carriage waiting for a friend, suddenly misses a parcel which was in her lap a moment before. The Neapolitan thief thinks foreigners are fair game, and knows that their ignorance of the language and their short stay in Naples will keep them from going to the police.

Naples has many fine public squares and imposing buildings. We visit the great National Museum with its beautiful pictures and marble and bronze statues, and spend a morning at the Aquarium, which stands in the middle of a pretty park. Here we see the treasures of the Mediter-

anean in glass tanks — exquisitely tinted corals, sea anemones, jellyfishes, and hundreds of varieties of rare and beautiful fishes.

This great city of Naples which lies so peacefully on the sunny shores of her beautiful bay has long been one of the most important of Italian cities, and has had to bear her share in her country's many wars. Italy as a political power began with the city of Rome, founded by a small tribe, on hills near the Tiber river in the central part of the peninsula, seven hundred and fifty-three years before Christ. Slowly the Romans annexed or conquered all of Italy, and then went on to conquests of neighboring countries, until, about the time of the birth of Christ, all the known world was under their sway.

So large an empire was open to attack in many directions, and the barbarians from the north, attracted by the mild climate and fertile fields of the peninsula, poured down upon fair Italy and ended the glory of Rome by 400 A. D. From that time until 1870 Italy was divided into small dukedoms or states, sometimes under the power of a German king, sometimes ruled in part by a Spaniard, but never united under an Italian sovereign.

The great cities in the north of Italy, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Milan, Pisa, and Turin, to be sure, gradually freed themselves from foreign control and became the rulers of most of north Italy. For several centuries they were the greatest manufacturing and trading places in the world. After the Turks took Constantinople, the Greek scholars and artists, fleeing to these Italian cities for protection, created a revival of interest in art and literature which

was called the Renaissance — the Re-birth. Ever since that time Italy has been the leader in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

In 1861 Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia, whom the Italians now honor as the founder of united Italy, with the help of the great general Garibaldi and supported by the French emperor, took all parts of the peninsula except Venice and the territory surrounding Rome, which was still ruled by the Pope. Battles with Austria were necessary, as that country held much of north Italy; but the Italians themselves hailed Victor Emmanuel as their savior and gladly voted to join his kingdom. In 1870 the rest of Italy was added to the kingdom, and for the first time in fourteen hundred years all Italy was under an Italian ruler. He established a constitutional monarchy, governed by king and parliament.

The grandson of Victor Emmanuel, Victor Emmanuel III, now occupies the throne. His official residence is in Rome, but he comes often to his palace in Naples. His son, Prince Humbert, is called the Prince of Naples, which is the official title of the heir to the Italian throne.

II. MOUNT VESUVIUS AND POMPEII

Always at Naples when we lift our eyes we find ourselves gazing, fascinated, at that strange wreath of smoke in the sky, just above the brown top of Vesuvius. Let us spend a day getting a nearer view of the volcano and learning something of the ruined city of Pompeii on its southern slope. We must start early, our guide tells us, and must

wear old shoes which we are willing to throw away on our return. We wonder why, but obey directions.

A railroad runs from Naples to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and from this point a cable road formerly carried passengers up to within five hundred feet of the mouth of the crater. But the great eruption of 1906 destroyed this road and we are obliged to make our way up the mountain on the backs of donkeys and finally on foot.

Vesuvius rises abruptly from the surrounding fields to a height of forty-three hundred feet. Every year the height of the mountain is greater than it was the year before, for the volcano constantly increases it by the deposits of ashes thrown out from the crater. It is the most celebrated volcano in the world because it is in the middle of a densely populated country, where for more than twenty centuries the highly civilized people who lived near it could watch it and keep a record of its activities. For this reason most of our knowledge of volcanoes and their behavior has come from the study of Vesuvius.

All this part of Europe is very mountainous. Mt. *Ætna*, Mt. Vesuvius, and Stromboli are the only active volcanoes left in Europe, and Vesuvius is the only one on the mainland. Many centuries ago, when the Romans lived here in Italy, this dark mountain was covered with beautiful meadows, and no one dreamed of the terrific force slumbering beneath them. At that time *Ætna* was in almost constant eruption, and it is a fact noticed many times since that when one of these volcanoes is in action, the other is usually quiet.

In the year 63 A. D. a fearful earthquake occurred, which



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

might have showed the unsuspecting people who dwelt near the mountain their danger. Two Roman cities on its slopes, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were badly damaged at that time, and frequent earthquakes continued to take place till on the twenty-fourth of August, 79 A. D., a great fissure was suddenly blown open in the side of the mountain, from which streams of red-hot lava flowed down the slopes. A huge cloud of smoke and ashes veiled the sun so that it was totally dark for three days; red-hot stones were thrown skyward with terrific force; sulphurous gases spread through the surrounding region, while the heavens seemed to rain burning coals and ashes. The green meadows were soon buried under the molten lava, ashes, and

mud; and the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were entirely destroyed within a few hours. Most of the inhabitants had time to escape, but it is probable that several thousand perished.

From that period to the present day Vesuvius has been constantly active, and many and terrible have been its eruptions. In 1631 a very dreadful one occurred, in which stones weighing twenty-five tons were thrown a distance of fifteen miles, and Naples was covered with dense showers of ashes. The most recent serious eruption took place in 1906, whole villages being swept away by the great streams of lava which burst forth from the volcano. The unfortunate inhabitants were driven from their homes, and their vineyards and farms were totally ruined. The volcano has slumbered peacefully for many months now, but there is always the possibility of fresh streams of lava bursting forth from the crater with such force and suddenness that bystanders cannot get away from it. Once twenty travelers were thus overwhelmed. But such a calamity is liable to occur only at times when the volcano is in a very restless state. To-day we are assured there is no such danger.

There is at all times a slow flow of lava down one of the sides of the mountain, and ashes are daily thrown out. Lava is melted stone, almost black in color. Before we are far from Naples our train is running over beds of it, not molten now of course, but hardened centuries ago into black stone. Only the greatest eruptions have sent the lava streams to such a distance as this.

We pass through several small villages where the houses

are largely built out of blocks of lava, and as we begin to ascend the mountain we find that its slopes are quite covered with lava and ashes. It is hard to believe that vineyards and smiling meadows were once here. Half way up the mountain, we see the observatory, where are kept instruments for recording the tremblings of the earth which are common near a volcano. We are shown a seismograph, which is so delicately made that it can record a volcanic disturbance on the other side of the earth. When the great earthquake in Java occurred in 1867, this little machine told the story long before the ocean cable and the telegraph could.

As we draw near the crater, far below us stretches out a magnificent panorama of green orchards, dazzling blue waves, and the white-walled town of Naples. But around us we see nothing but dreary stretches of ashes and black lava streams. After we leave our donkeys, we have still a climb of some ten minutes to reach the rim of the crater. Here we are walking on lava most of the time. Soon the air becomes hot



ASHES ON THE STEPS OF THE
OBSERVATORY AFTER AN ERUPTION

and clouds of steam and sulphurous gases are blown toward us from time to time, though our guides try to take us up on the windward side. Now we begin to understand why we were told to wear old shoes, for our feet feel the heat and we can see that our shoes are suffering from the hot ashes.

At last we are on the very edge of the crater, looking down into a lake of steaming, bubbling — something — what is it? We cannot get near enough to tell, for now there is a low rumble, the ground seems to shake, and a great puff of smoke and steam bursts upward, carrying with it ashes, sulphur vapors, and showers of stones. If the volcano were in violent eruption, our present position would be very dangerous. We are thankful not to come any nearer a real eruption than this. We are running no risk here if we are cautious, but we are warned not to approach too close to the sloping brink of the crater, lest we slip in, as a few unfortunates have done in past time.

Our guide is anxious to have us examine the molten lava, which we can see through the cracks in the ashes. It is a glowing mass, so intensely hot that it soon turns an iron rod red. Eggs are cooked for us in water heated over the lava, and if we were willing to wait the guides have many interesting experiments to show. But how hot it is! And in spite of ourselves, we cannot be quite unafraid when the burst of steam and smoke comes from the crater, as it does every few minutes. Our curiosity is satisfied and we are content now to descend the mountain, and find a carriage to drive us to Pompeii, the buried city of the Romans.

Pompeii was once a prosperous city, situated on the sea, at the mouth of a navigable river. It carried on extensive commerce, and was a favorite resort for wealthy Romans, many of whom had villas near it. The twenty-five thousand inhabitants had no reason to suppose that their city was not built on as firm a foundation as Rome itself until the earthquake of the year 63 occurred, destroying much of the town. The people, however, were enterprising and rich, and soon a new city arose, its houses firmly built of blocks of stone or brick, strong enough to resist an ordinary earthquake.

But no foresight could ward off or withstand the terrible disaster that befell the doomed city sixteen years later, when the volcano suddenly burst forth. At first great showers of hot ashes and mud fell on the city, burying it to a depth of three feet and darkening the whole sky. During this first shower most of the inhabitants escaped, but when no further disaster followed for a few hours, many returned, perhaps to carry away their valuables. Again the mountain burst forth with great fury, and a rain of red hot stones covered the town to a depth of seven or eight feet, above which again a layer of ashes fell. The city was thus completely buried from sight, and in the passing centuries its very location was almost forgotten. The earthquakes had changed the course of the river away from the town, and streams of lava and stones and ashes had built out the shore so that the sea was now some miles away.

Once more people began to settle on the slopes of the treacherous mountain, ignorant of the sad lesson beneath



A STREET IN POMPEII

their feet, until one day in 1748 a farmer digging a well struck his spade against a hard substance and unearthed a marble statue. From that day until the present time excavations have been going on, and the streets and houses of this dead city are now slowly being laid open to our gaze. Only a part of the city is cleared as yet, and it will take years more at the present rate of progress to finish the excavations.

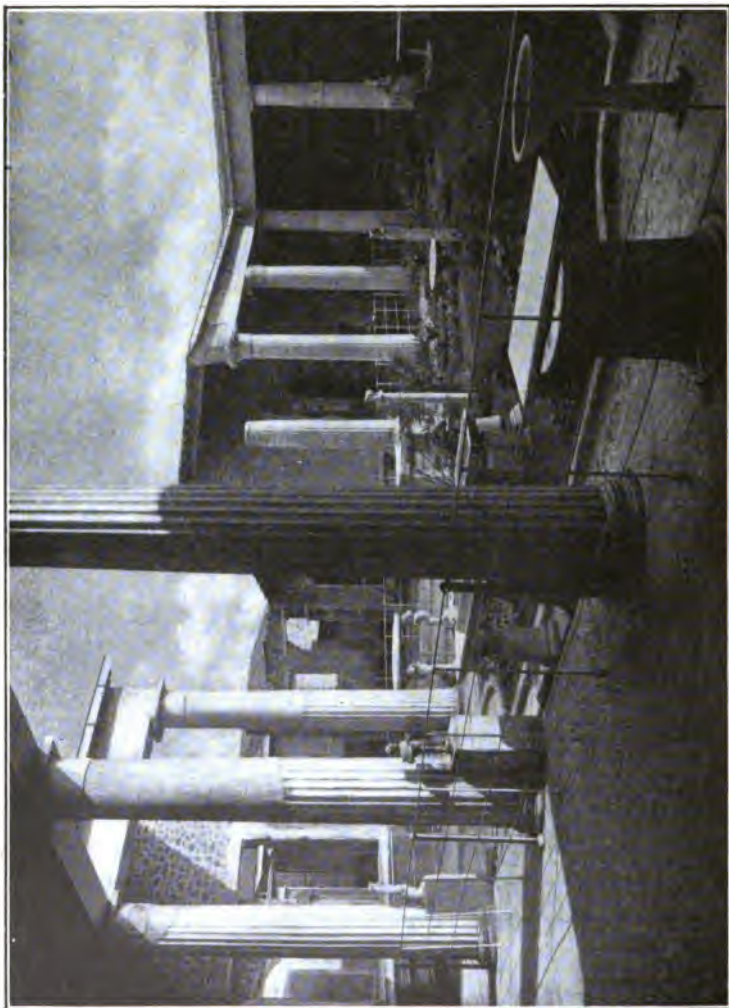
At the gate of the city we are provided with a guide who leads us up a steep, narrow street, beautifully paved with large blocks of stone. On each side run sidewalks of brick, some three feet wide; and at frequent intervals great pieces of stone are set in a row across the street, to serve

as stepping-stones for foot passengers. The street is only wide enough for one vehicle, and we notice the deep ruts worn in the hard stones by the chariot wheels of the old Romans.

The houses are all roofless, for the great weight of the rocks and ashes destroyed the roofs; and only the first stories are left standing. Here is a business street, running into the forum or market place. Along both sides are tiny shops, about eight feet square. Many have no front wall, and we see, within, the marble counters and stone basins in which the shopkeepers kept their olives or fish.

Pompeii is built in blocks, like a modern city, but the block was smaller and the center of it was occupied entirely by dwelling houses, around whose outside walls the shops ran. A rich man's house might occupy the entire center of one of these blocks, and have an exit to the street in only one place, through gates opening outward. We are taken through several of these fine ancient houses, which are wonderfully well preserved, even to the handsome mosaic floors, the brilliant frescoes on the walls, and the marble fountain and statues in the courtyard or garden in the center of the house. The house of the Vettii is one of the largest and best preserved. Here we see a dining room which is just as the owners left it. The walls are painted in panels, and these are decorated with pictures of tiny Cupids, who are preparing the dinner, buying the food, killing the fowls, baking the bread, etc.

We are shown the ancient theater, the baths, the market place or forum, around which stood beautiful temples, and at the end of our stay in the dead city we have time to



COURT IN THE HOUSE OF THE VETTI

wander slowly through the museum, where are many of the objects that have been dug up. Here we see the loaves of bread which were taken from a baker's oven by the excavators. The baker had placed them there on that fateful August day, nearly two thousand years ago. Jewelry, lamps, trinkets of all sorts which the Roman ladies wore are here; but most of the relics are now placed in the National Museum at Naples.

The excavations are still being carried on, and we watch the people at work. The dirt and ashes are carefully put into small baskets and carried away on the shoulders of men and women. It is all sifted over, so that no small objects may be overlooked, and as far as possible things are now left just where they are found instead of being carried to the museums. Thus the courtyard of the house of the Vettii looks much as it did when the master last walked through it. The fountain has been repaired, the beds of flowers are blossoming, the white statues are there among green vines, and the marble table and seat where he sat on hot summer evenings and enjoyed the cool freshness of the falling water and the rustling leaves.

House after house, block after block, street after street, and not a soul to be seen but our own small party! In spite of ourselves, we keep expecting to see some dweller in this silent city, and every time we turn a corner we feel a fresh surprise at another deserted street. A city of the dead, it is. The owners of these quiet houses have turned to dust long since. We find ourselves stepping softly and speaking in subdued voices, as in some home where death has just come. The long afternoon shadows



THE TOWN OF CAPRI

fall dark against the clean yellow walls and tidy pavements, and we hear far off the call of the watchman, summoning us to the gate. Still vainly listening for some sound of voice or footstep, we retrace our way through the silent, empty streets. The sunshine seems warmer on the dusty road outside, and the sight of the laborers going home from their work and chatting with each other is welcome after our stay in quiet Pompeii.

III. CAPRI AND THE BLUE GROTTO

To-day we are to take a little steamer and visit the rocky island of Capri, whose green precipices make a beautiful picture against the southern sky. Here we are to see the

famous Blue Grotto, a cavern at the foot of one of those cliffs. The morning is radiantly clear, and everything around is so brilliantly colored that we fancy the fairies must have been touching up the landscape during the night. The sky is cloudless, and the water and mountains are the most exquisite shades of blue, lavender, and violet. Surely the slopes of Capri are covered with green velvet; nature could not spread so perfect a carpet!

Our steamer takes us at once to the entrance to the Blue Grotto, where we get into small boats. The opening into the grotto is so low and narrow that it is not possible to get in if the wind is north or east, or the sea at all rough. The waves then wash completely over the entrance and hide it. We are fortunate enough to happen on the best day for a week, the boatmen tell us. We search the cliffs in vain for any sign of an opening in them until we are within ten feet of it, when we see the low arch, perhaps three feet high and so narrow that only a tiny rowboat with three people in it can get through. Every second or third wave fills the entrance completely, so that the boatman must watch his chance and, as the wave recedes, urge the boat forward, draw in the oars, and seize a chain hung through the arch by which he may pull his boat into the hidden cave. Meanwhile the passengers must lie down in the boat if they do not wish to bump their heads.

Once inside, we are in fairyland. We are floating off on a sea of shining silver under a low roof of all shades of blue in a blue, blue light, beautiful beyond description. The water is a silvery blue, and everything in it, the oars, our hands when we put them over the side of the boat, the

lower part of the boat itself, seem made of shining silver. We are in the first boat to enter, and for a moment are alone in this enchanted spot. Two or three great waves follow us in, completely closing the little opening. But we are not in the dark. In some mysterious way the blue light filters in all the time. Now another boat slips in, and



THE PORTERS OF CAPRI

another. The boatmen begin to sing. Their voices are echoed back weirdly from the high vaulted roof which rises forty feet above our heads. The water dripping off the oars seems to tinkle like a chime of tiny bells, and the roar of the waves on the cliff outside comes to us pleasantly softened.

We stay in our rowboat for the trip to the town of Capri, a mile away. The

journey along the bases of the green cliffs is exceedingly beautiful. The water swarms with gaily colored sea-stars and jellyfishes, and is so clear that we can watch them many feet below the surface.

The little town consists chiefly of hotels and tiny shops

for the sale of corals and shells. We sit on the wall built to hold the road which runs up the steep side of the island and watch the pretty children and young girls. Capri is called the Paradise for Artists, it is such a beautiful spot itself and has so many beautiful women. Most of its men are off in South America, laying up the two or three thousand dollars which makes a man rich here in southern Italy. So we see these pretty women doing men's work, unloading boats and even carrying bricks where a house is being built. They carry all their burdens on the top of their heads, and this habit gives them a fine straight figure.

Drives through narrow lanes bordered with vineyards, and strolls along the shore of this magic sea occupy us until our steamer starts back to Naples, in a sunset so glorious that no painter would dare to paint it. Even Vesuvius has laid aside his brown cloak and shows a pale lavender haze against the violet sky. The sun sets behind a rocky island, and the last and loveliest day of all our journey is over.

To-night we must go aboard our floating home once more, for the long journey to New York will be begun before we wake in the morning. For days the ship has been taking on coal and provisions, and to-day the seven hundred and fifty emigrants we are to have for fellow travelers have been stowed away in the steerage. Poor fellows! They have need of stout hearts to face all the troubles ahead of them in that cold, dreary climate which they are going to exchange for this. Let us hope they will make good citizens in their new home and come to be as fond of it some day as they now are of this beautiful land.

We linger long on the deck on this, our last evening near Naples, unwilling to leave all this beauty and go below. But turning our faces toward the west, we seem to see again America, that dear, dear land; not so beautiful under its colder skies as the sunny lands of the Mediterranean, but happy and free, and dear to us because it is our home.



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AN ITALIAN QUARTER IN NEW YORK CITY

INDEX AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The vowel symbols are those used in Webster's International Dictionary

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>a</i> as in <i>am</i> | <i>e</i> as in <i>end</i> | <i>i</i> as in <i>ice</i> | <i>oo</i> as in <i>food</i> | <i>ç</i> as in <i>cell</i> |
| <i>ā</i> as in <i>ale</i> | <i>ē</i> as in <i>eve</i> | <i>o</i> as in <i>odd</i> | <i>ō</i> as in <i>foot</i> | <i>ġ</i> as in <i>gem</i> |
| <i>ā</i> as in <i>senate</i> | <i>ē</i> as in <i>event</i> | <i>ō</i> as in <i>old</i> | <i>u</i> as in <i>up</i> | <i>th</i> as in <i>them</i> |
| <i>ā</i> as in <i>ask</i> | <i>ē</i> as in <i>her</i> | <i>ō</i> as in <i>obey</i> | <i>ū</i> as in <i>use</i> | <i>y</i> as in <i>hymn</i> |
| <i>ā</i> as in <i>arm</i> | <i>i</i> as in <i>ill</i> | <i>ō</i> as in <i>orb</i> | <i>ū</i> as in <i>mute</i> | <i>ȳ</i> as in <i>fly</i> |

Italicized vowels have the obscure sound, *a* as in *sofa*, *e* as in *recent*, *o* as in *connect*, and *u* as in *circus*

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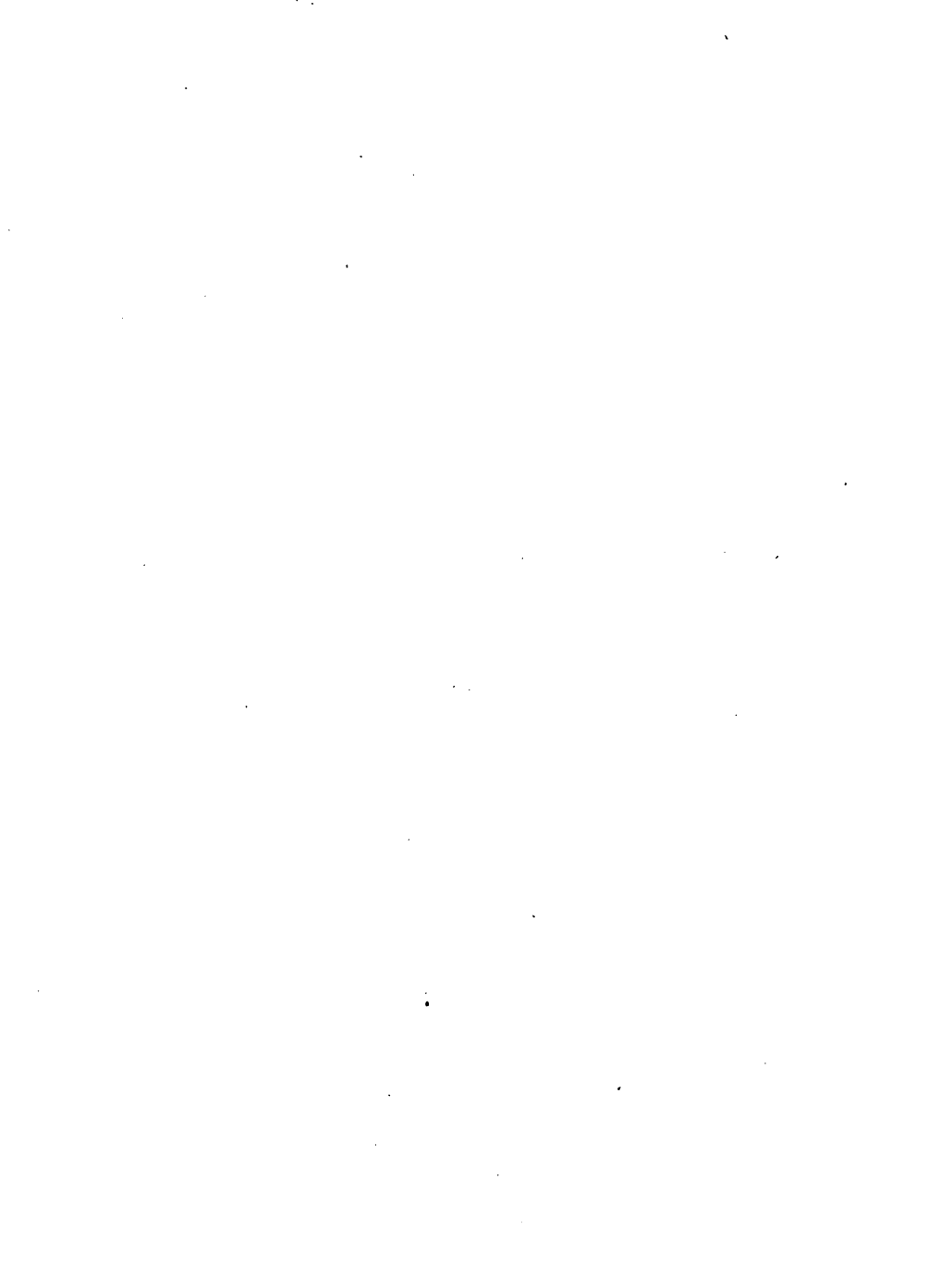
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